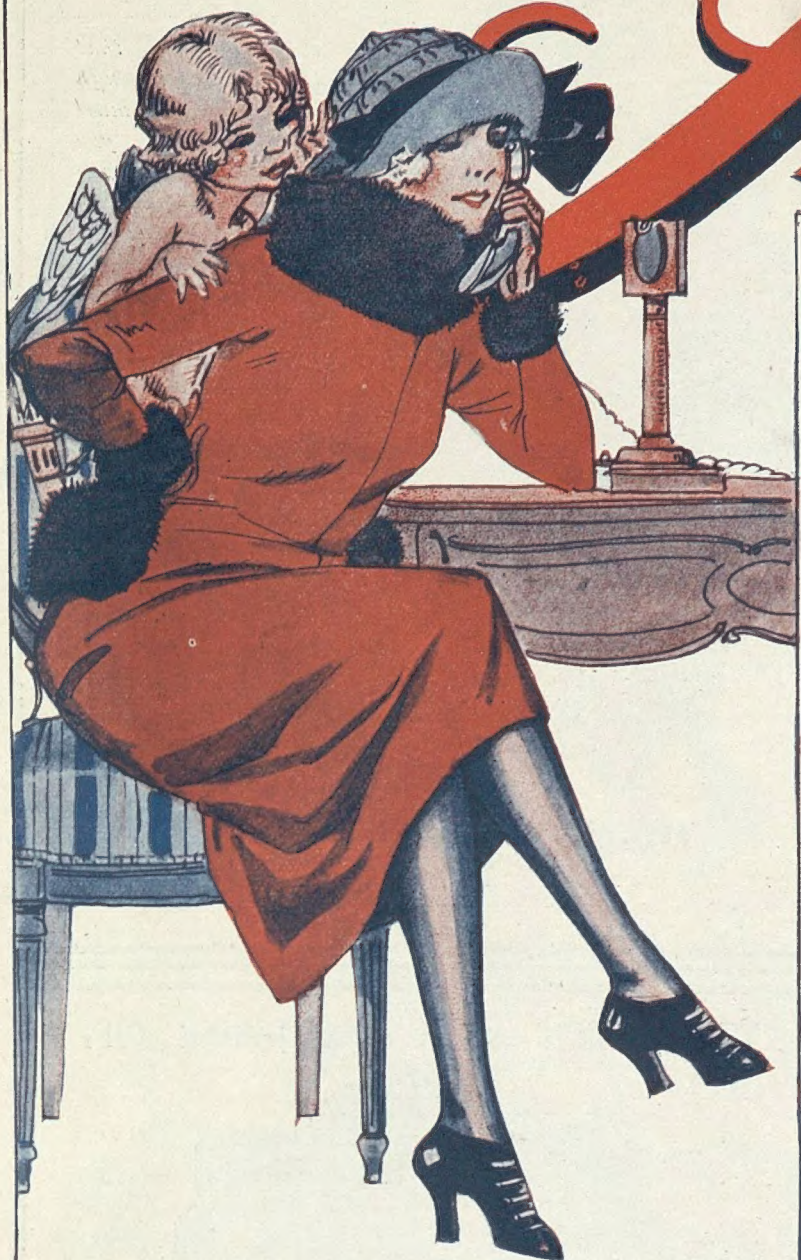


— Jacques Leclerc —



The Sketch

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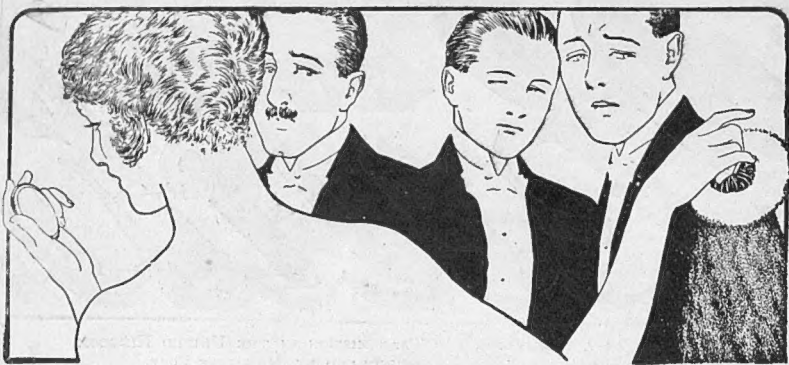
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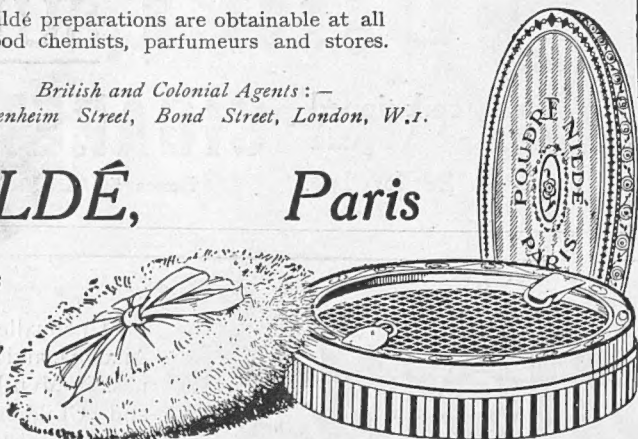
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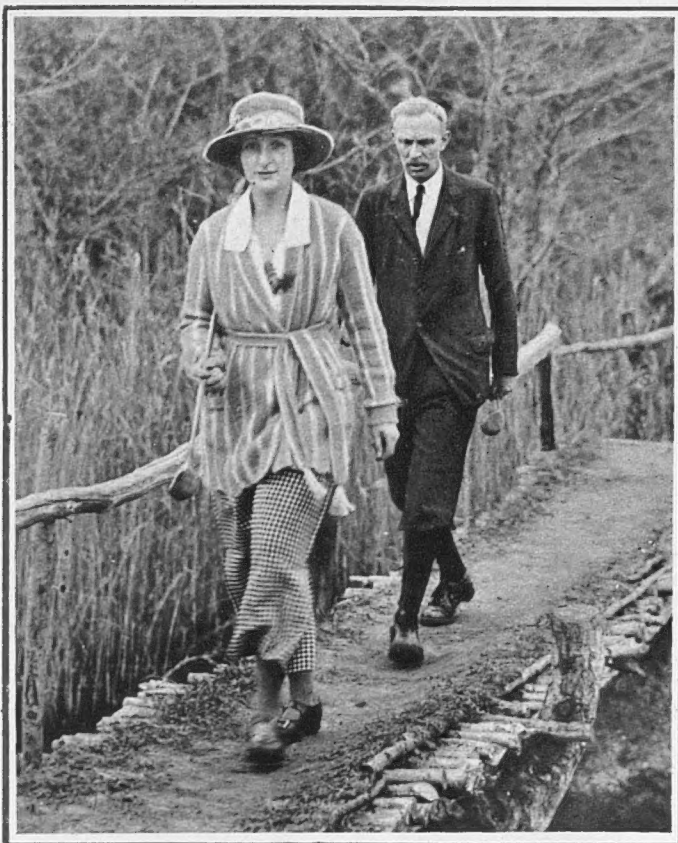
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GOLFING AT MANDELIEU, CANNES: MISS VAN HEUKELON AND LORD WHITBURGH.



SNAPPED ON THE CANNES GOLF COURSE: PRINCESSE PHILIPPE DE BOURBON AND MISS GELLIBRAND (LEFT).



LORD GAINFORD'S SON MARRIES MISS VERONICA NOBLE: THE HON. JOSEPH PEASE, HIS BRIDE, AND THE BRIDESMAIDS.

Lord Whitburgh, Miss van Heukelon, Princesse Philippe de Bourbon, and the lovely Miss Paula Gellibrand are among the distinguished people who have recently been on the golf links at Cannes.—The marriage of the Hon. Joseph Pease, only son of Lord and Lady Gainford, to Miss Veronica Noble, only child of Sir George Noble, Bt.,

was celebrated at St. Margaret's, Westminster. The bride was attended by Miss Yseult Noble, Miss Cynthia Noble, and Miss Nell Maunsell (her cousins); the Hon. Faith Pease (sister of the bridegroom); Miss Rebecca Buxton and Miss Helen Maclean (his cousins); and Miss Peggy Mortimer, in white velvet frocks with silver girdles.

Photographs by Bassano and S. and G.

In Town and Country: Before Lent Weddings.



LEAVING HOLY TRINITY, SLOANE STREET: LIEUTENANT-COLONEL LESLIE MCCARTHY AND MISS EVELYN MARSHALL.



LEAVING THE ORATORY: MR. N. S. REYNTIENS AND HIS BRIDE, MISS JANET MACRAE GILSTRAP.



MARRIED AT THE CATHEDRAL CHURCH, BURY ST. EDMUNDS: THE REV. LORD BYRON AND MISS ANNA FITZROY.

The marriage of Mr. Charles Whidborne and the Hon. Laline Plunket, youngest daughter of the late Lord Plunket and of Lady Victoria Braithwaite, took place at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street. The bride, who was given away by her step-father, Colonel F. P. Braithwaite, C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., was attended by four bridesmaids—the Hon. Eileen and the Hon. Moira Plunket, Miss Rita Whidborne, and Miss Joan Wyatt; and two train-bearers—Miss Eileen Rhodes and Miss



AFTER THE CEREMONY: MR. CHARLES WHIDBORNE AND HIS BRIDE, THE HON. LALINE PLUNKET.

Jessica St. Aubyn.—Mr. Nicholas Serge Reyntiens, Assistant Director at the Ministry of Overseas Trade, and Miss Janet MacRae Gilstrap, were married at the Oratory, Brompton Road.—The marriage of the Rev. Lord Byron to Miss Anna FitzRoy, daughter of the late Rev. Lord Charles FitzRoy, was celebrated at the Cathedral Church, Bury St. Edmunds.—Lieutenant-Colonel Leslie McCarthy and Miss Evelyn Marshall were married at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street.

Photographs by Farrington Photo Co., T.P.A., C.N.

In Dublin and London: Some Recent Weddings.



MARRIED RECENTLY: MRS. ERROLL TREMLETT
(MISS CAPPER.)

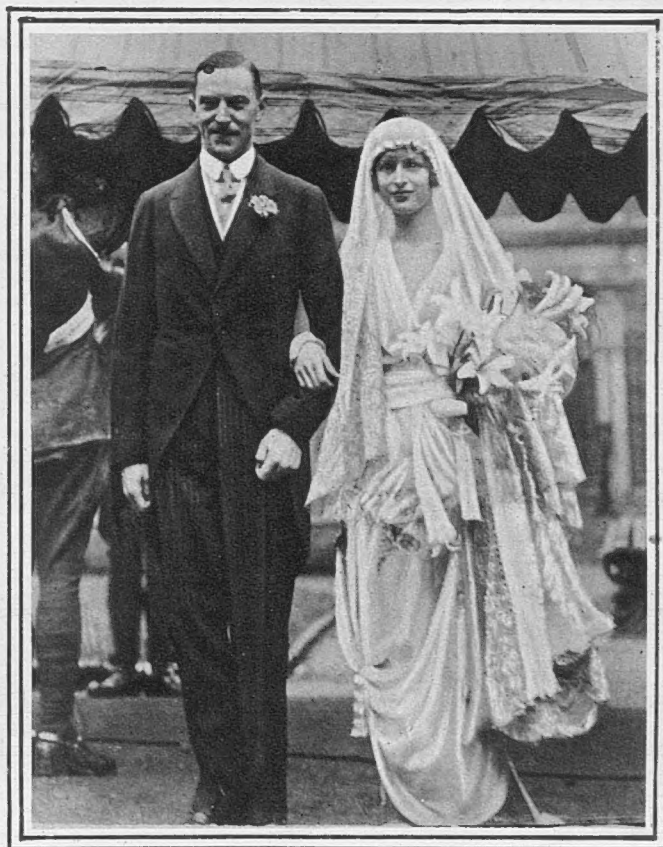


LEAVING ST. ANNE'S, DUBLIN: MAJOR C. T. DENROCHE
AND HIS BRIDE, MISS MELENE MACRORY.



BRIDESMAIDS AT THE BETHELL-COTTERELL WEDDING: A GROUP
TAKEN OUTSIDE THE CHAPEL ROYAL, SAVOY.

Mrs. Erroll Tremlett, whose marriage to Mr. Erroll Tremlett, Royal Horse Artillery, took place recently in London, is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Capper.—The marriage of Major C. T. Denroche and Miss Melene Macrory was celebrated in St. Anne's Church, Dawson Street, Dublin. The members of the University Boat Club, Dublin, formed an archway of oars for the bridal party to pass



AFTER THE CEREMONY: CAPTAIN ADRIAN BETHELL
AND HIS BRIDE, MISS CICELY COTTERELL.

under.—The marriage of Captain Adrian Bethell, 2nd Life Guards, and Miss Cicely Cotterell, daughter of Sir John and Lady Evelyn Cotterell, took place at the Chapel Royal, Savoy. The bride was attended by four bridesmaids—Miss Mildred Cotterell, Miss Doris Gordon-Lennox, Miss Joan de Winton, and Miss Mary Cradock-Hartopp; and three children—Miss Pamela Leyland, Miss Diana Bethell, and Miss Julian Brassey.

Photographs by L.N.A., Wayland, N.I., and C.N.



More About Mariegold



"THE art of seeing people off—you remember Max Beerbohm on that subject?" Mariegold asked me, as we made our way the other morning to Victoria.

Yes, I remembered. Max invented a profession. He found a new platform for the actor—the departure platform. People who were going journeys paid a fee, and were seen off. It reassured them; it bridged over that disconsolate ten minutes.

For a couple of guineas the stranger from America, for instance, was put on an equality with the home traveller who had friends and

And then, in the afternoon, to an assemblage of celebrities at the Goupil Gallery.

I do not mean the visitors, though they too were celebrities. No, I mean that serried row of African idols, staring from their shelf at the Goupil Gallery. They are the great personages of the moment.

And I do not wonder that they have taken people by storm. The vogue for such things has been brewing. People have come from Paris with rumours of them. Modern art has prepared the way. First Gauguin, and quite recently Epstein and Wyndham Lewis, have made one suspect that something was on the way.

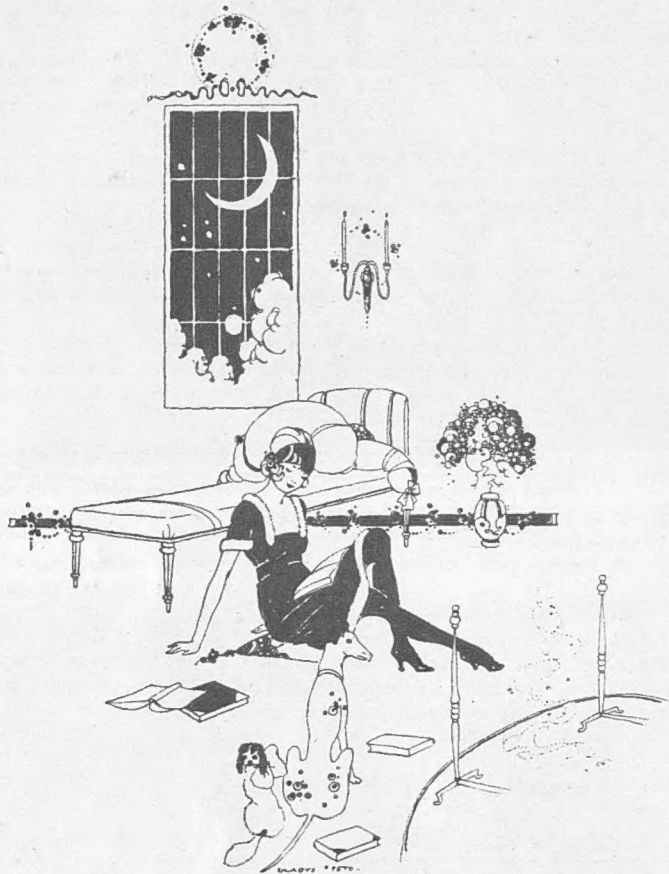
"They make the most ferocious Wyndham Lewises seem like child-play," is Mariegold's verdict. "We have been playing at savages—here are the real things. We have been pretending. And now we find ourselves really in the jungle—right up against It."

What is It? Is it the Spirit of Evil caught alive in a few chunks of black wood? Is it Essential Ugliness?

"How wonderful! How beautiful!"—that was its effect at the Private View. Call it Evil and call it Ugliness, but one exclaims "How beautiful!" just the same. A Private View crowd is far from timid. It took these amazing horrors to its bosom, and hugged them.

Anyway, they are the celebrities of the moment. People stood before these very naked and very dejected African idols, and admired them as sincerely as they would have admired our three prettiest Duchesses in their latest Paquins.

"How Princess Antoine Bibesco would love them!" said Mariegold. "Only she's in Washington. She—or rather, her husband—was one of the first Londoners to discover them, barring, of course,



1. Most of Angela's sundry admirers being out of town, she is having a very dull time—obviously there is nothing to be done but to re-attach the wandering affections of Algy. She has procured several books upon "Husbands—How to Regain the Love of."

relations—on more than equality, for the professional did the job better. No awkward pauses, no ill-concealed longings for the whistle. For a couple of guineas one was talked to till the very end, as if the time were all too short. For two guineas one was regretted. For two guineas one got a Sentimental Journey, instead of a tiresome one.

But it was cruel of Mariegold to remind me of so much talent. I have no pretensions to the art of seeing people off. And they were her friends, not mine.

She was seeing off Viscountess Gormanston and Lady Butler—travelling by the 10.54 for Bordighera. And there, too, we found Sir William Orpen, bound for Paris. A last-minute introduction of the painter to the pretty Irish Peeress—that helped. Sir William and Lady Butler, Mariegold did not bring together.

"They are both painters, and it would be unwise," she decided. "They are both painters, and therefore probably have nothing in common!"

Perhaps she was right. The painter of "The Roll Call" and the very modern painter of the Paris Peace Conference—how many things they would disagree upon. Besides, they have both lived in Ireland.

"Beware points of contact," says Mariegold. "They are both running on the same line, and that is how you get collisions."

Lady Orpen was there to say good-bye to her husband. Very charming she looked—exactly like those early Soho Orpen portraits of her. Exactly like them. And that reminded one how quickly Sir William has sprung to fame—how short a time it is since the period of "very early Orpens."



2. Apparently, the basic idea is that the erring husband should learn to appreciate his wife through realising the possibility of losing her. Angela decides to be almost suffocated by the smoke of their burning house—and rescued, of course, at the last minute. She lights a lot of little fires in jars and things, and damps them down to ensure volumes of smoke.

omniscient people like Roger Fry and Shannon and Ricketts, who always know everything first."

Ricketts and Shannon have contributed to this exhibition from their collection in Holland Park.

"Imagine those two soft-voiced, refined bachelors of the arts living alone with these devastating little idols in that great house of theirs. And Roger Fry of the angelic smile. They are all such

saintly creatures, and they live with such odd things," laughed Mariegold. "It reminds one of Anthony and his devils."

And then she told me how difficult and hopeless it was to be enamoured of African idols these days. They have lately become horribly expensive.

"Time was," she said, "when one could go to the curio shops near the docks, or even to Fulham, and find them for a pound or so. But now the experts have made a corner."

"And that reminds me," she went on, "of a story I used to hear of Antoine Bibesco. He is supposed to have bought a particularly—

what shall I call it?—a particularly 'characteristic' specimen, a great bargain, in a shop in Bloomsbury. He was so excited and pleased that he wouldn't wait to have it wrapped up even, but carried it, bare and horrible, home to Grosvenor Road, the tortured expression of the little black face catching the gleam of the summer twilight. Just as he reached his front door, the *gamins* of the district collected. "Ullo, governor," said one of them, "ad your photer taken?"

A paragraph in one of the papers conjured up a picture of a hectic Lady Cunard running round after a tame millionaire, for money for an opera season.

"The Lady Cunard I know doesn't fit that picture," protests Mariegold. "I can't

see her as 'now busily engaged' in looking for support. In the first place, she knows where most of the support is; and in the second, to be 'busily engaged' isn't a mannerism of hers. One of her charms is that she's so casual, and that is how she manages to do so much."

"What about 'Outlaws'?" I asked.

"That is what I want to know," she answered, and forthwith we turned into Hatchard's.

"Have you Mrs. Fairbairn's poems?" she asked.

For a moment the assistant—for knowledge a veritable Mr. Edmund Gosse of the counter—was nonplussed, but only for a moment.

"Ah, you mean 'Outlaws,' by Nancy Cunard," said he, producing it.

Nancy Cunard is the name on the title-page. There is no mention of Mrs. Fairbairn's name. And yet the poems are not, most of them, the poems one would associate with that girl of exuberant spirits. They strike a note of melancholy; they deal with "the mocking voices of my thoughts," and with sad scenes. She even writes of—

The desolate despair of public houses.

To Farm Street on Sunday, to hear Father Bernard Vaughan. One plucks one's way through a queue of cars; inside one stands in a dense crowd. And when Father Bernard Vaughan is humorous—as he is upon occasion, to give, by way of contrast, a greater solemnity to the purple passages—there is a murmur of laughter.

We were so astonished that we looked at each other to make sure the other heard it. And then Father Bernard Vaughan made another jest, about people's excuses for not going to church. "I have taken a wife," said one, "who has rich friends at that Land of Promise, Brighton, and we go to them for Sundays." He ran through a list of such pleas. At the end there was again the gentle swell of sound—the sound of discreetly modulated merriment.

"Not so loud as a laugh, but louder than a smile," Mariegold afterwards described it.

About half the congregation made this new sort of noise. But not Lady Lovat. She looked perfectly grave all through, and that, surely, is the proper way to behave in church.

Of events in the air, one of those most talked of is a dance at Mr. and Mrs. Somerset Maugham's. He is one of the few writers who, to use that perfectly horrid phrase, is in Society. That is to say, he is a good deal more in Society than those other equally distinguished writers who dine out for literature, but whose own cooks are incapable of producing a civilised entrée.

The Hon. Mrs. Evelyn Cecil's dance for her daughter Margaret, at 2, Cadogan Square, filled the bill last Wednesday.

It was a pretty affair, with very pretty people. Lady Salisbury took a party, and Lady Crawford, who is always picturesque, brought friends.

It was, in fact, Mariegold tells me, very largely made up of parties within the party.

"One marched in in squads, but we didn't maintain a severe *esprit de corps* all through the evening. We merged and were sociable. The notion of *cliques*, which is useful at larger gatherings, wasn't wanted.

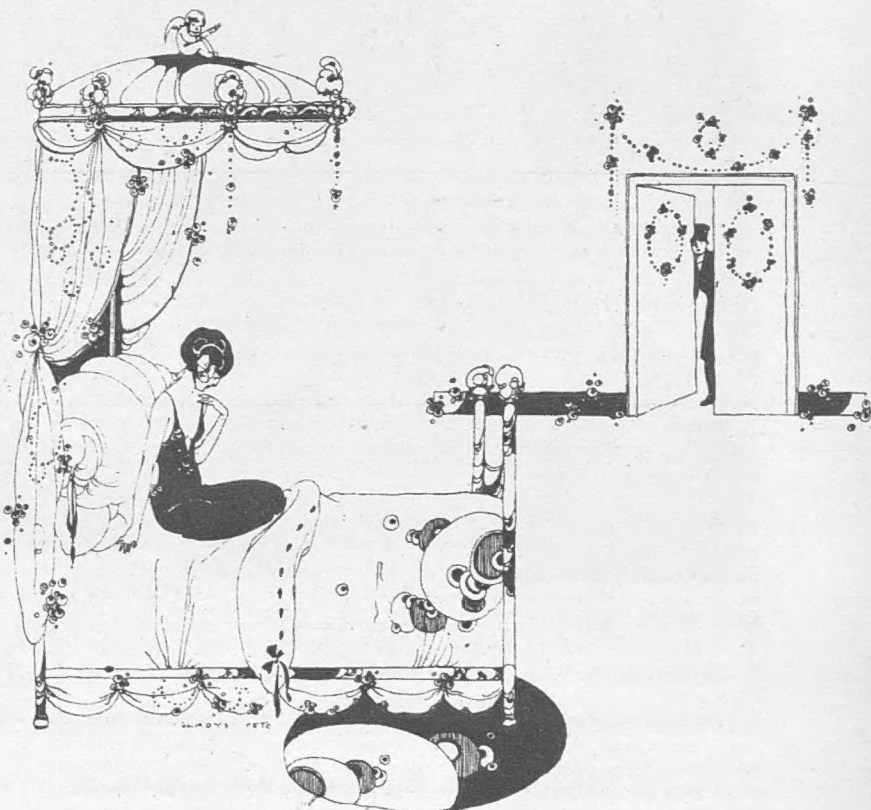
Lady Maud Ryder, too, brought a party from her house near by, and Lady Stamford and Lady Edward Cecil did likewise. Altogether, it was a night of Cadogan Square in *excelsis*.

By the end of Lent, London will be in full swing, with dances and weddings in plenty. In the middle of April Lord Somers and Finola Meeking will be married.

Monte will have sent its Londoners home—"returned empty" as Lord Lathom said when a friend saw him off last week, and was making plans for festivities on his return from that tempting table-land.

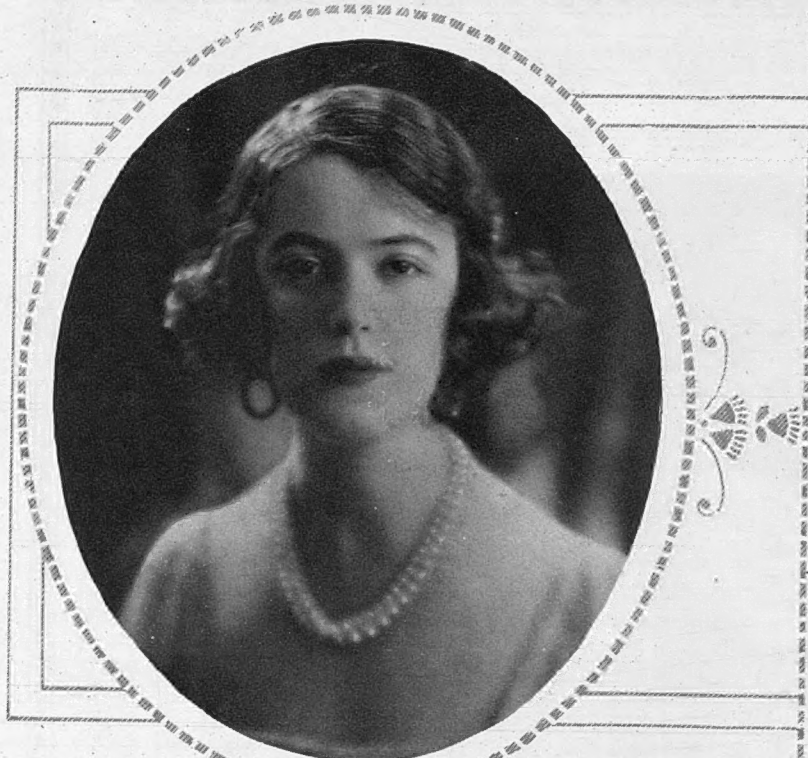
But people don't return empty, as a matter of fact. The tables, from all accounts, are not snatching the wealth of England to any disastrous extent.

Mariegold has ceased to be uneasy about certain friends of hers. Monte Carlo seems more and more to mean tennis and the open air. She hears of people like the young Lord and Lady de la Warr there, and feels quite sure that the sun is at a bigger premium than electricity. Of the Duke and Duchess, too, come wonderful accounts of robust exercise. When young married couples take possession, real grim gambling is off.



4. But something went wrong somewhere. The firemen did not come at all, and Algy returned later than ever, and merely saying "there was something burning somewhere," told her not to wait breakfast—he was going on to a roulette party. Angela is heartbroken.

From Poland, Spain, and England: Of Social Interest.



ENGAGED TO MR. WILLIAM ARBUTHNOT-LESLIE:
SEÑORA DE MIER.



THE WIFE OF A SPANISH MARQUIS: THE MARCHIONESS
OF URQUIJO.



LORD WESTBURY'S DAUGHTER-IN-LAW: THE HON.
MRS. RICHARD BETHELL.



THE WIFE OF SIR EDWIN LUTYENS' SON:
MRS. ROBERT LUTYENS.

Señora de Mier, whose engagement to Mr. William Arbuthnot-Leslie, of Warhill, has been announced, is the daughter of Don Guillermo de Landa y Escandon, and widow of Don Bernardo de Mier.—The Marchioness of Urquijo is the wife of the Marquis of Urquijo, and has recently been staying in London. Her portrait by Benedito was among the modern Spanish paintings exhibited at Burlington House.—

The Hon. Mrs. Richard Bethell is the wife of Lord Westbury's only son, and the daughter of the late Colonel George Morland Hutton.—Mrs. Robert Lutyens is the wife of Mr. Robert Lutyens, only son of the famous architect, Sir Edwin Lutyens. She is Polish by birth, and before her romantic marriage, which took place in Edinburgh, last December, was Miss Eva Lubrzenska.—[Portrait-Studies by Bertram Park.]

The Wife of the New Viceroy.

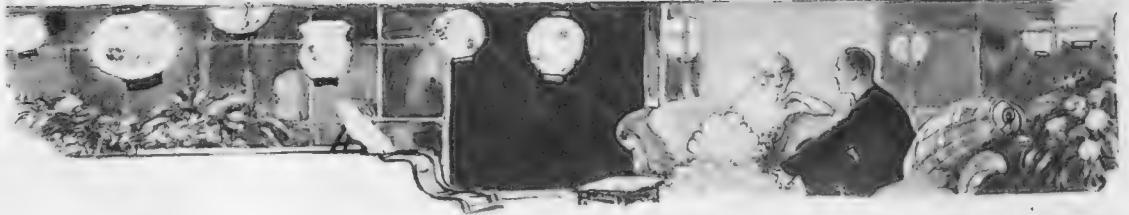


TO BE "THE FIRST LADY IN THE LAND" IN INDIA: THE COUNTESS OF READING.

Lady Reading is the wife of Lord Reading, P.C., G.C.B., K.C.V.O., who became Lord Chief Justice in 1913, and was recently appointed Viceroy of India. The daughter of Mr. Albert Cohen, she married Lord Reading, then Mr. Rufus Isaacs, in 1887, and has one son, Viscount Erleigh. Lady Reading, who is a Dame of the British

Empire, has been studying the problems of the women in India, and hopes to be a help to them. She is a charming woman, and when in America as Ambassador, in 1918-19, was universally loved and admired by Society in Washington. This is her latest portrait and is an excellent likeness.—[Photograph by Yevonde.]

Small Talk



I HAVE sought everywhere for evidences of the excitement that is alleged to prevail in political circles at the idea of the Cecils crossing the floor of the House, but failed to find any reflex of this sensation in general society. The rather brutal truth probably is that no one really troubles very much about what the Cecils do, because both of them by this time have got a firmly fixed reputation of being rather independent beings, and they generally contrive to be equally "agin the Government" and the Opposition, whatever they are. Though both men have great talent, they lack the one talent of using their talent, and especially the faculty of getting and keeping followers.

That Feminine Interest. Women have been providing the chief news interest for the last week or so. In fact, they divided honours, for supplying the only news there was, with the question of reparation to be made by Germany. No

one can say they failed to make the most of their opportunity. After a few days the average male began to wonder exactly where he did come in, and the statement that "the best types of men are becoming more like women in soul and gentleness, whilst women are assuming more of the qualities of men" is scarcely of the kind to fill Adam with a sense of his own importance. But then the poor man never has counted for much, so that no doubt when the "Golden Age" comes he won't feel his position too acutely, nor resent the fact that he is no longer even in theory regarded as the "Lord of Creation," but knuckle down quite comfortably to the woman ruler.

Engaged.

The engagement of Mr. Vyvyan Whitmore Pearce, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. V. Pearce, of Seaford House, Seaford, Sussex, and Madeleine,



ON VIEW AT THE GRAFTON GALLERIES: BARONESS D'ERLANGER'S PORTRAIT OF HER DAUGHTER, MISS D'ERLANGER.

This portrait of Miss d'Erlanger by her mother, Baroness d'Erlanger, is one of the exhibits at the National Society of Portrait Painters' show at the Grafton. It is an excellent likeness, and interesting from both the artistic and social point of view. Baroness d'Erlanger is the wife of Baron Emil d'Erlanger and the daughter of the Marquis de Roche-gude.

From the Painting by Baroness d'Erlanger.

only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Wolfe Barry, of Sloane Court, has not roused much comment. The bride-elect, however, comes from a very well-known family. She is grand-daughter of the famous engineer, the late Sir John Wolfe-Barry, of whom London has so many memorials. Kew Bridge is one bit of work Londoners owe to Sir John; but an even greater example is the Tower Bridge—in its way as magnificent a monument as Sir John's father, Sir Charles Barry, gave to the capital in the Houses of Parliament. As to the railways with which Sir John Wolfe-Barry was connected, it would be difficult to name them all, or mention off-hand one in the history of which his name does not figure.

A Correction.

In our issue of January 26th last, we published a portrait of Miss Yvonne Zaharoff, by Mr. Stanley Mercer, and stated, from information supplied by the artist, that that lady is the grand-daughter of Sir Basil Zaharoff. We have since received information from Sir Basil Zaharoff that he has never been married. That being the case, it is obvious that our description of the portrait was incorrect. We wish to express our great regret for any annoyance which may have been caused by this mistake, either to Miss Yvonne Zaharoff, or to the distinguished philanthropist and financier.

Retiring.

Lord Edmund Talbot's coming retirement from the office of Chief Unionist Whip is regretted by all parties. There is no assembly in the world where political passions affect personal liking so little, and Lord Edmund numbers amongst his friends and admirers quite a considerable number of people whose views are absolutely opposed to the party he represents. Tact, firmness, and courtesy are essential qualities for a Chief Whip, and Lord Edmund has a generous share of all, in addition to the personal charm of manner that seems to run in the family, and that distinguished his elder brother, the late Duke of Norfolk. Lord Edmund, by the way, has to fulfil a heraldic as well as political rôle. He is Deputy Earl Marshal of England—an honour that has gone with the Norfolk Dukedom for four centuries.

Æsthetic Realisations.

Negro sculpture is now "it" as far as the artistic, up-to-date folk are concerned; and those who want to know if they are really "in the movement" can find out by going to the Goupil Gallery and seeing how

the exhibition of Masks, Idols, Statuettes, Fetishes, and Divinities affects them. If they can stand entranced by the beauty of these negro antiquities they are really modern; if not, I fear they must be back-numbers. It is true, of course, that the exhibits have all a certain naïve, "amusing" charm, while some few of them possess an almost classic beauty, or are Egyptian in feeling—but it takes a genuine Modern of the Moderns to visualise them as drawing-room ornaments, to be placed cheek by jowl with Chelsea figures, in the manner that Mark Gertler illustrates by his picture "The Mantelpiece," also exhibited in the same show. It is attractive, but, as a scheme for drawing-room decoration, a little surprising.



ENGAGED TO LIEUTENANT R. H. NEVISON-LORAINE, R.N.: MISS LORN MACNAUGHTAN.

Miss Lorn Macnaughtan is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Macnaughtan. Her engagement to Lieutenant R. H. Nevison-Loraine, R.N., of H.M. submarine "H.32" has just been announced.

Photograph by Lafayette.



ENGAGED TO SIR THOMAS REEDHAM BERNY, M.C.: MISS E. I. DAWSON.

Miss Eileen Irene Dawson, whose engagement to Sir Thomas Reedham Berny, Bt., M.C., of Barton Bendish, Norfolk, has been announced, is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Norton Dawson, of Remony, Watford.

Photograph by Bassano.

An Earl and His Canadian Bride: The Minto Wedding.



IN HER WEDDING GOWN: THE COUNTESS OF MINTO
(MISS MARION COOK).



PHOTOGRAPHED AFTER THE CEREMONY: THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF MINTO WITH THE BRIDESMAIDS AND PAGES.

The marriage of the Earl of Minto and Miss Marion Cook, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Cook, of Montreal, was celebrated in Montreal on Jan. 19. The bride, who wore a gown of ivory satin, had a Minto heirloom train of Brussels appliqué. She was attended by eight bridesmaids—Miss Adelaide Beardmore; Lady Rachel Cavendish, daughter of the Duke of Devonshire; Miss Sarah Cook; Lady Margaret Scott, daughter

of the Duke of Buccleuch; the Hon. Marguerite Shaughnessy; Miss Sheila McEachan; Miss Audrey Cook and Miss Dorothy Cook; and four pages—Masters Gerald, Mark, Desmond, and Charles Farrell. The bridesmaids wore dresses of royal-blue chiffon lined with cloth-of-silver, and they carried grapes instead of bouquets. The Earl and Countess of Minto are expected to sail for England early in March.

Photographs by C.N.



Without Prejudice

AMONG the Nares and Penates of the British drama there is one who, to the unprejudiced eye, is profoundly to be pitied. Called Owen. Because he suffers in his brilliant young career from the disadvantages of his great gifts. Not so long ago we were all noticing with pre-war enthusiasm the advent of an attractive play by young Mr. Bennett of Bursley. Name of "Milestones." And there was a last act (correct me if I am wrong—and go and see it again for yourself if your recollection is weak) in which a languid young man lounged about in fair curls and a beautiful dress suit.

He was notable in the annals of the recent drama of these islands because, being intended to impersonate a gentleman, he spoke like one. His part was also almost unique as representing the only good-looking aristocrat on the British stage who was not eventually discovered to be in possession of a Heart of Gold. The other remarkable fact about him was that he sported, for a stage sister, Miss Gladys Cooper. Remarkable family. One would have liked to meet the old people.

Well, that was how he pretty nearly began. And what then? That sinister and all-devouring deity, the matinée audience, claimed him for its . . . I mean, their . . . well, it really comes to her . . . own. And that (up to the moment of going to press) was the End of Him. It is really a great shame.

Because there are far too few men on the stage who are capable of acting half as well, when the ladies upstairs will let them. We could so much more easily have spared the exquisite—and the svelte Mr. —, couldn't we? (A small prize will be offered for the missing names, and competitors are requested to enclose the sum of tenpence as a contribution towards the increased cost of the gas, and to write on one side of the paper only.)

But it is his melancholy doom, and he must dree (mustn't he?) his weird. Even if it takes him into plays like that "based" by Miss Alice Duer Miller and Mr. Robert Miller "on the Story by Alice Duer Miller." Of course, you have read the Story?



POLLY PEACHUM OF "THE BEGGAR'S OPERA": MISS KATHERINE ARKANDY.

Miss Katherine Arkandy is now playing Polly Peachum in the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, production of "The Beggar's Opera." She has a delightful soprano voice, and since her début some two years ago at the Wigmore Hall, has sung in Grand Opera at Covent Garden, on the concert platform at the Albert Hall, the Queen's Hall, etc. She is now making a big success of her rôle in Mrs. Gay's opera. In private life Miss Arkandy is Mrs. Hecht.—[Photograph by Vandyk.]

No? Strange. But you will find that you have when you see it on the stage. Because listen here. When a young man (single) takes over a girls' school and imports his male friends (single) to form the teaching staff, you aren't going to sit there and tell me that you haven't read the Story, are you? Or thrown it out of the window

of a railway carriage. Or seen it wrapped up in a musical comedy. Or something.

There is an indefinable air of pure-minded Transatlantic boy-and-girl clowning about the whole affair which suggests the rival industry where they charge you so much less for your seat and give you for your money so much more. One can almost catch the tinkle of the piano as "The Charm School" unfolds its gentle, sugary tale. First you get all the young men together. Then you get all the maidens together. And finally you get the young men and maidens all mixed up. Certified by Mr. T. P. O'Connor and the Board of Film Censors for general exhibition to all persons past teething.

This type of drama (which would be far better in place as a libretto, complete with Chorus of Schoolgirls and Villagers) resembles nothing so much as those large, square, pink, soft, misleading, insipid American sweets. They like that sort of thing on the teetotal side of the water. But here, somehow, all the fizz seems to go out of these soft dramatic drinks. Except for a few cheerful moments.

Miss Sydney Fairbrother can never do anything badly. But one would like to see her with something a shade better to do. But she would probably be requested to leave by the stage-door if she started making any of her "Young Person in Pink" faces in this pure-souled atmosphere. And Miss Meggie Albanesi does her allotted task well enough, too.

Meanwhile, Mr. Nares brilliantly impersonates Mr. Nares. It is sad. Because he knows quite well how to do other and more novel people. Surely we can all see him enough through the eye of the camera wearing the new hat from the Maison Harmsworth, or teaching the young to play the noble games of their country, or re-potting the geraniums (tool-shed in background, and garden-roller marked with a cross). Let's leave it at that, and try to persuade some management, by our united denunciations of his unworthy appearances, to permit this accomplished actor to appear in a Real Play. It would be quite worth while. Because he knows how to act and stand and speak and move. And he looks quite nice really.

This sort of Decline and Fall is really the case against lady dramatic critics. Because, although nearly all the dulllest plays produced on Sunday nights are by ladies, the destruction of every actor with thin features and a smile is by ladies too. They turned Lewis Waller into a ranting profile. And, if Mr. Nares isn't careful, they will catch him the same way. So he must light out and exercise terrific caution. Then he may get through all right.



THE DAUGHTER OF CAPTAIN MAC-HEATH AS POLLY PEACHUM: MISS RANALOW.

Miss Randalow is the daughter of Mr. Frederick Randalow, whose rendering of the rôle of Macheath, the highwayman hero of "The Beggar's Opera," at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, has been so signal a success. Our photograph shows her dressed as Polly Peachum, the heroine of the eighteenth-century opera.—[Photograph by Lyd Sawyer.]

Revue New Style: Notions from the League.



THE DOLLIES AND THEIR COLLIES: ONE OF THE SCENES IN "THE LEAGUE OF NOTIONS."



A SPECTACULAR SCENE OF GREAT BEAUTY: THE GARDEN OF DREAMS.



ONE OF THE MUSICAL NUMBERS: HELEN AND JOSEPHINE TRIX SING "THAT REMINISCENT MELODY."

"The League of Notions" is revue—new style—and is full of colour and melody. It is above everything a beautiful production, and such spectacular scenes as the Garden of Dreams, set with a silver back-curtain, are as entrancing as anything ever seen on the London

stage. The Dolly Sisters have plenty of scope for the display of their undoubted charm and talent; and Josephine and Helen Trix are another pair of sisters who have won a place for themselves in the regard of London audiences through their work in the Oxford revue.

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield.

FOR COMPARISON WITH REAL BRIDES :



1. AS THE MOYEN AGE BRIDE : JULIETTE COMPTON.

2. AS THE EMPIRE BRIDE : VIRGINIA LEE.

3. THE BRIDE OF THE FUTURE WITH HER BRIDESMAID : THE DOLLY SISTERS.

4. AS THE ELIZABETHAN BRIDE : ARJAMAND.

One of the most fascinating scenes in "The League of Notions," the new Oxford revue, is the "Bride's Veil," which shows the Bride-to-Be, Josephine Trix, with her "ancestors," the Brides of Past Periods, and the Bride of the Future. Our page illustrates the various styles of

Photographs by

"THE LEAGUE OF NOTIONS" BRIDES.



5. THE BRIDE-TO-BE: JOSEPHINE TRIX.
6. THE LOUIS XVI. BRIDE: PHYLLIS SELICK.
7. THE GIBSON BRIDE: IRENE MATHEWS.

8. THE BRIDE OF TO-DAY: DINARZADE.
9. THE VICTORIAN BRIDE: CORONE PAYNTER.

wedding gown which appear in this scene, worn by some of the beauties in this "inconsequential process of Music, Dance, and Dramatic Interlude." It is interesting to compare these stage designs with the real wedding dresses shown on our two following pages.

The Short-Skirted Bride.



MARRIED AT HOLY TRINITY, SLOANE STREET: MRS. HIGHAT CECIL HARCOURT-SMITH (MISS URSULA COOK).

Our illustrations of "The League of Nations" representation of brides throughout the ages make an interesting introduction to our pictures of recent brides. Miss Ursula Maud Cook, daughter of Mrs. Wyndham Cook, whose marriage to Mr. Highat Cecil Harcourt-Smith, son of

Sir Cecil and Lady Harcourt-Smith, took place at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street, represents the short-skirted bride of to-day. Her embroidered chiffon gown was trimmed with ermine, and provided with a train of Venetian lace lined with Wedgwood blue.

Photograph by Vandyk.

The Long-Skirted Bride.



MARRIED AT HATFIELD PARISH CHURCH: THE HON. MRS. FRANCIS MANNERS (MISS MARY CECIL).

The marriage of Miss Mary Cecil, second (twin) daughter of Lord William Gascoyne-Cecil, Lord Bishop of Exeter, to the Hon. Francis Manners, M.C., Grenadier Guards, only son of Lord Manners, was celebrated at Hatfield Parish Church. The bride wore a white satin

dress, with a draped skirt which touched the ground. Her train was of Brussels lace, and she wore a wreath of orange-blossoms from which fell a long tulle veil. She was, in fact, the beautiful bride of classic tradition in draped white satin, cut on simple lines.

Photograph by Lafayette.



THE OTHER MAN'S CARD.

By BEATRICE HERON-MAXWELL.

CHANCE, the wayward goddess, in one of her most whimsical moods, looking round for a human ball to toss, spotted Mac-laren Heswell, who for the moment was at a loose end—and realised he would make ideal sport. For in his official capacity out East he had learned to do everything by rule and rote, to weigh all his actions in a balance and repress both inclination and impulse unless they tallied with expediency. But his leave was nearly over, and he had the major part of a holiday fund still at the bank, and in the midst of London's New Year revelry he felt lonely and bored.

His little extra table, squeezed in at Claridge's, for the sake of auld lang syne, by Monsieur Charles, who remembered Heswell as a former frequenter, seemed like a cage, shutting him off from the general gaiety. Every Jack had a Jill except himself, whether in tête-à-tête or "square" parties, or the plural groups of many mixed couples.

But suddenly the bars melted away. Across the room a pair of challenging eyes met his, a pair of parted seductive lips smiled at him, and an outstretched hand held up a champagne-beaker in unmistakable invitation.

Swiftly he responded by raising his own, and she held him with her conquering glance while together they drained their glasses.

It was the libation to happy Chance!

The riot of a battle of flowers, with its ammunition of fluffy balls, gave him his second opportunity, and when he stood up, and aiming discreetly, caught her on one gleaming shoulder from which the strap of diamonds and jet had slipped, she returned the shot with an added gleam of provocation.

In the crush of diners surging out towards the ball-room, Heswell was close to her, and as she bent her head and screened it with her hands from the whirling drifts of imitation snow descending on them, he used the squeaking doll just presented to him as a weather-guard for her.

"Don't you hate to be out in the cold?" she asked, under her breath, her wonderful glowing eyes conveying a sympathetic understanding to him.

"As much as I love being in the sun when it shines," he answered meaningly.

"Yes—one can see you're used to sunny hours," she went on, and touched her cheek, while the tan of his face deepened at the *sous-entente cordiale*. Five minutes later they were dancing together, and Heswell felt that he was holding in his arms what he had missed and desired through arid years, in a far Colony, and disappointing days since London's glamour emphasised how he had dropped out of the swim of social pleasure.

Youth and the evanescent joy of life, and all the exquisite, fragrant charm of a feminine personality that both allured and contrasted with his own—these were at his beck and call from that moment.

The difference in him from the men by whom she was surrounded appealed to Camilla Blake; she sensed at once that under his gravity of look and air of aloofness there were temperament and passion.

He was not a mere Society worldling, but a primitive man, conventional by circumstance, not choice. It was piquant to captivate him, and in the process she learnt a new lesson—the first chapter in her own book of Heart's Desire.

She was at the zenith of her beauty and popularity; exclusive, too, in her selection of friends, and she had just dismissed a probationer because his ways did not please her fastidious taste.

Her host this New Year's Eve was merely one of the usual crowd; a hunting, gambling, jovial knight, with money to burn and an uncongenial wife well in the background. Camilla felt quite free to add this sunburnt, handsome stranger to the outer circle of her group of satellites, and the inner one of her special intimates. And to her own surprise, the attraction proved reciprocal. She found herself, after the first gay advance, with a new sensation, in which shyness, self-disparagement, tender hope and fear, jealousy, despair, and ecstasy all played their part and blent themselves into the greatest of emotions—love.

For the next few days life was a rainbow to them both—beginning and end tethered to earth, but compassing heaven in its span. She had asked his name just as the night of the Old Year merged into the dawn of the New, and he had answered, with a reminiscent touch of his acquired caution, that his friends called him Larry.

The nickname pleased her, and she deliberately avoided knowledge of any further label, because she liked to set him apart, even in the smallest details, from every other man. Chance, still directing the episode, willed that he should meet no one who knew him that week, while he and Camilla were inseparable. He had looked up an old club friend when he first reached town, only to learn that the man was in the country. On the day of his departure he found the friend had called at his hotel, missed him, and left a card. Heswell thrust the card into his pocket, eager to rejoin Camilla, and thought of it no more.

But when the final moment came, and she realised that it was the parting of the ways, the whim seized Camilla to know more of "Larry," the man she loved.

"You must go, I suppose," she said, "right away to this horrid old Colony. Where is it?"

"In the back of beyond," he answered evasively; "it was a desert before—it will be Hades now."

"Won't you write?"

"What's the good? You wouldn't read letters that told of sandstorms and rainy seasons, Eurasian gossip, and official *bât*. They'd go into the waste-paper basket—like me! It has been a very perfect dream. Hadn't we better leave it at that?"

She reflected. There was a strain of romance in her nature that favoured the idea of laying this sweet memory away in lavender and rosemary. And no practical realisation of dreams was possible for exiles!

Yet when she clung to him, with her heart and soul on her lips, at the instant of good-bye, something again urged her to draw aside the veil between them.

"I simply must know your name, Larry," she said, as he put her gently away. "Tell me—Larry who?"

He was taking out a latch-key she had lent him, and with it came his friend's card.

"Larry who?" repeated Camilla insistently.

And once more the ingrained habit of carelessness asserted itself. He handed her the card, and she read the name aloud. "Mr Laurence D. Harper," adding the pencilled address down in the corner. "Deodar Club, St. James's."

"Laurence Harper," she repeated softly, and tucked the card into the "V" of her dress. "My Larry for ever and ever!"

And Heswell said nothing but "Good-bye."

It was only a year later that he returned to London. Things had gone badly with him. A virulent local epidemic of fever had laid him so low that sick-leave was imperative, with possible retirement, unpensioned, to face. The first person he ran up against, when he limped, a shadow of himself, into his club, was Harper.

"Hallo!" exclaimed Harper, "what's happened to you, old man?" Heswell briefly explained.

"I was sorry to miss you when you were over before," Harper said—"and by Gad! here's a queer thing! Weren't you rather keen on Camilla Blake? Someone told me you were about a lot together."

Heswell deliberately lighted a cigarette before he answered coldly: "I knew her—yes."

"An awfully odd thing has just happened," pursued Harper. "I had a letter from her lawyers a week ago." He had an irritating knack of telling news in sections.

Heswell's mind had time to give him a kaleidoscopic glimpse of trouble—possibly a breach-of-promise action: one could never tell with women—and in a flash he remembered the card incident.

"I have never spoken to her in my life," continued Harper. "Seen her out and about, of course, and once, at a Covent Garden Ball, I picked up a brooch she dropped and gave it back to her. But it doesn't seem sufficient reason—the whole thing is inexplicable to me."

Heswell's patience, frayed and fretted by physical weakness gave way.

"For God's sake!" he burst out, "explain yourself. What's the letter about, and why the devil do you mix me up with it?"

"Only because I wondered whether you had ever mentioned me to her," Harper said—"cracked me up in any way. She's dead, you see, poor girl! And she's left me all her money—nearly twenty thousand pounds!"

THE END.



NOTHING DOING !

FROM THE PAINTING BY LAWSON WOOD.





A WEDDING PRESENT: MRS. FISK'S PORTRAIT OF MISS EDNA BEST.

Our illustration shows the latest portrait of Miss Edna Best, reproduced from the painting by Mrs. Fisk, the well-known American artist. The picture was the property of Mr. J. E. Vedrenne, (to whom Miss Edna Best is under contract for a number of years), who presented it to her on the occasion of her marriage the other day. Mr.

Vedrenne has arranged with Mr. Gilbert Miller that Miss Edna Best's next appearance will be as the heroine of a new play entitled "Polly with a Past," by George Middleton and Guy Bolton, which is now in rehearsal. It will be remembered that Miss Edna Best made her first success in "Brown Sugar," and then played Peter Pan.

FROM THE PAINTING BY MRS. FISK.

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FROM THE READER'S POINT OF VIEW.

By W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.



"THINGS That Have Interested Me" contains things that will undoubtedly entertain most people. It is Mr. Arnold Bennett's book of daily wonder—or extracts from it. Facing the marvellousness of everything, Mr. Bennett has watched life with a vision as penetrating—and perhaps at times as restricted—as a sword-blade, and has noted down the reactions, sometimes caustically, sometimes sympathetically, and generally with a wit and clarity that are stimulating.

Always he marvels. He marvels at the redoubtable general badness of opera production and scenery. He marvels humorously at an orchestra conductor who had a gift of expression, and who demanded from his instruments: "Now I want a sudden exquisite hush!" or cried, "Gentlemen of the first fiddles, this isn't a bees' wedding; it's something elemental." He marvels at barbers and at "the delicate and intimate" experience of having his hair cut. He marvels with a peculiar glowing sympathy over France, and the superb intricacies of taking a flat in Paris, and of French scenes and people generally. He is full of the wonder of life, of the ordinariness of dinners with the Prime Minister, of the extraordinariness of dinners with the intelligenzia, where chatter is unceasing and topics unbounded, and the "talkers picked up the universe and shook it like a rat."

Perhaps his marvelling has become a trifle automatic in places, but his judgment and his wit are, as ever, vivid enough. He states coldly that the reason why there is a lack of good plays lies in the "extreme and notorious paucity" of good plays written, and not in the criminal commercialism of theatrical managers. He has much acid criticism to pour on "the Souls," and the war, and the men who conducted the



APPOINTED A DIRECTOR OF THE CHAMPION REEF GOLD-MINING COMPANY OF INDIA: MRS. TENNANT.

Mrs. Harold John Tennant is the wife of the second brother of the first Baron Glenconner, and a sister-in-law to Mrs. Asquith. She is a very clever woman, and has recently been appointed one of the Directors of the Champion Reef Gold Mining Company of India. She is the daughter of the late Mr. George Whitley Abraham.

Photograph by Claude Harris.

war. He gives pen-pictures of many men who have strayed into his vision, from Herz, the producer of "Chantecler," "who was not a man, but a miracle. He familiarly addressed all actresses, even the most distinguished, as *ma belle créature* (they loved it)," to Lord Milner—"He may be hated, but his character is respected." And, finally, he repeats a host of good stories.

Mr. Maxwell Laurie will probably score a great success with "The Black Blanket"—and he deserves to. It is a book that has all the good qualities: it has distinction, it has atmosphere, it has charm, and, above all, it has a first-class story to tell, and tells it in a fine and thrilling manner.

David Edgar, or Sheldon, is a baffling problem to the last page. "One drop of black blood makes a nigger"; has he that one drop

in him? The whole thing springs out of that. David is first met in a West Indian port. He seems to be sliding steadily downward into "colour." His mother, as beautiful as the Doric Greek, lovable and not too intelligent, seems unable to check that downward run. Honorius, the attractive mulatto boy—who, with his sense of truth and beauty, was an artist in loafing—is a good friend, but not the best companion. It takes Major Langton, an aesthete bowed under the tragedy of drink, to straighten things out.

Straightening things out leads to David's succession to Hironelles, the great plantation in the America of the South before the war of emancipation. Apparently compounding a fraud (for by law those with colour could not succeed to such estates), the mother and the Major concoct a false story about David's birth. At Hironelles David meets Versanges, an admirable and epigrammatic character, and his daughter Madeline, and the result of the latter meeting has an inevitable end. But he meets the half-breed Turnbull too, who unearths something concerning his ancestry, and in the action of the brutal and the brilliant Turnbull the thrill of the story arises. It is a well-managed thrill, as the whole of the story is well done.

Mr. Harry Franck took some humour, a faculty for observation, a little prejudice, a good deal of humanity, and a touch of self-sufficiency on his "Roaming Through the West Indies." The result is a book full of good things, though a little heavy in style, and at times a little irritating. He gives good pictures of Havana swarming with automobile and lottery—ticket sellers and noises; of Cuba and its tobacco *fincas*; and little towns where the women turn out in furs to hear the band, "though it is about cold enough for a silk bathing suit." He gives pictures, too, of the way our sugar is grown.

He has much to say, too, concerning Haiti, where the negroes live in restricted liberty and grinding poverty. Perhaps his chapters on the black republics are the most interesting. He shows them in their almost complete reversal to the primitive; their weird Voodoo rites, their comic-opera attempts at government, and their national pastime of going *caco* (bandit), and the way the Americans, with rifle and aeroplane—"God's wicked angel"—have to deal with them in the deep and humid heat of the bush. He has some caustic comment to make on the American administration of Santo Domingo, and, as one reads, one wonders whether certain of the author's compatriots turned their eyes to their own protectorate here before criticising others. The book covers practically the whole of the West Indies with a fund of entertainment and story that would have been none the worse for pruning down.



EN ROUTE FOR "HAWAII": MISS MILDRED LEO CLEMENS, WHO IS GIVING A TRAVELOGUE AT THE PHILHARMONIC HALL.

Miss Mildred Leo Clemens is the first American platform celebrity to be brought to England by the Affiliated Lyceum and Chautauqua Association, as the start of an interchange of speakers between England and America, and has been appearing at the Philharmonic Hall in "Happy Hawaii." She gives a travelogue, illustrated by incidental music and dances by her group of Hawaiians. Miss Clemens is a cousin of Mark Twain, and visited the Hawaiian Islands in 1916, just fifty years after his visit to those islands.



A GOLD MEDALLIST OF THE LOCAL CENTRE EXAMINATIONS OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY AND ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC: MISS AVIS BENN. Miss Avis Benn, of Sheffield, has received the Gold Medal for having obtained the highest Honours marks in the Advanced Grade of the recent Local Centre Examinations.—[Photograph by Ethel M. Eadon.]

Things That Have Interested Me. By Arnold Bennett. (Chatto and Windus; 9s.)
The Black Blanket. By Maxwell Laurie. (Laurie; 8s. 6d.)
Roaming Through the West Indies. By Harry Franck. (Unwin; 25s.)

OUT AFTER THE BALL: THE QUORN MEET AT



WITH MRS. CRAWFORD: LADY AUGUSTA FANE.



WITH LADY ELCHO: MRS. BAIRD OF ELIE.



ON FOOT AT THE TON (LEFT) AND



CHATTING TO MISS GRETTON AND MISS ACLAND HOOD: LORD ROSEHILL.



A GROUP OF SPECTATORS: MME. LOWENSTEIN IN CENTRE.

Our pages show some interesting snapshots taken at the Melton Mowbray meet of the Quorn, held the day after the Melton Hunt Ball. Lady Augusta Fane is the eldest sister of the Earl of Stradbroke; Lady Elcho is the second daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Rutland; Baroness Burton is one of the few peeresses who hold rank in their own right, and is the wife of Colonel Baillie of Dochfour; the Hon. Helena Coventry is the elder daughter of Viscount Deerpark; and Lord Rosehill is the son of Lord Northesk. Our other photographs show

MELTON MOWBRAY BEFORE THEIR 80 MINUTES RUN.



MEET: BARONESS BUR-
MRS. TOWERS CLARK.



CHATTING TO MR. COLMAN: MRS. FINCH.



A KEEN SPORTSWOMAN: THE HON. HELENA COVENTRY.



WITH A FRIEND: MAJOR HARBORD.



ARRIVING BY CAR: MRS. BURDON AND MR. WIDENER.

various well-known personalities in the social and hunting world—all looking very fresh after the ball of the night before. Hounds met at Egerton Lodge, Melton Mowbray, and had excellent sport. An outlying fox, disturbed at the end of the Sandy Lane, was killed at Burbidge's Covert, in the Belvoir country, after a run of forty-five minutes. They then found a second fox, and finished with another fine run of eighty minutes, killing in the open at Somerby, in the Cottesmore country.—[Photographs by Alfieri.]



REMARKABLE things *do* happen in the evening in London, don't they? No. Not what *you* mean. But otherwise. Quite otherwise. In the blameless atmosphere of At Homes. Our social life, still contains, as the iceberg contains the mammoth, those archaic, those remarkable survivals of the age of the Drum and the Rout.

You march gloomily upstairs in a house where you don't know any of the people, and observe on your way up that the whole place has apparently been sacked by a victorious besieging army. At the top you distinguish (with some difficulty) your hostess from the circumambient stars of the social firmament. She gives you a hand. And that, so far as you are concerned, is the Last of Her.

Then you put on your best snow-plough manner, walk like the wind-cutter P.L.M. engine that takes the heavy trains full of rich people down the Roulette line past Dijon, and forge ahead. The landing (that, you know, was where you did your obeisance) is full of weaklings who can't, daren't, or won't forge further. But you, are you discouraged? No. Not a bit of it. *Excelsior!* Or *Inferior!* Or whatever the appropriate comparative may be.

On you go, past the shell-holed corner where they have forced a door off its hinges, and you are in the storm centre of the entertainment. In happier days a drawing-room, it is now a cross between a Tube station when the theatres are coming out and the Wheat Pit in a crisis. Strong men are weeping like little children. Little children are waiting passively for the Coroner to call for them. Beautiful women are offering priceless jewels (why *do* tiaras look so like fenders?) for a small, damp piece of air.

And that, gentle (or if you have lived through such parties, ungente) reader, is a Scene of Brilliant Pleasure. Those congested adults are Gay Butterflies, in the very act of Flitting. Flitting; indeed! When you can hardly shuffle. But wait till you read about it all in the papers next day, and you'll see how much you enjoyed having all those sharp guests introduced into your anatomy.

But the *raison d'être* of it all is what must give rise to the bitterest reflections. Somewhere above and at the end of the crowd, just at the end of the room, where the walls are beginning to bulge, there is somebody opening and shutting his (or her) mouth with the action rendered familiar to so many children by so many gold-fish. And making about the same noise.

And that, you know, that is Miss Veronica Quaver (supported by Mr. Fafnir Blee) whom you have all come out to hear. It was for that strained eye and those soundless lips that you left your happy home and the seat by the fire and the place where they always forget to leave the matches for you. Because the *Soirée* (let's be gay and foreign about it) was to be *musicale*.

And yet, one feels, there are worse ways of absorbing one's music than through the eyes. Which is the only channel of communication left open at evening parties. After all, you know, when you are through, what the Great Virtuoso looked like. And you can talk about him after that quite as intelligently as though you had heard every *roulade*.

Not a bad thing, on the whole, if one could adopt this painless method of securing musical experience. One might see the "Ring" quite comfortably without being disturbed by the music. Indeed, they might even play something else, if you really felt that your ears required some attention during the evening.

Anyway, the musical party remains a dark and inexplicable mystery. You can't hear the music, and you can only just see the people. You are pressed into an almost intolerable degree of matiness with total strangers, and you emerge with the most expensive clothes looking their cheapest.

But you have been sacrificed in a noble cause. To the belief of the British hostess that her friends are really cultured and require a Little Music. So they do. But if they can't hear a note of it, they hardly get it. Do they?

Queer things altogether, the stand-up parties. You never for one moment cease to be that terrified creature which took its things off downstairs and shook hands in a propitiatory fashion with the butler—in other words, yourself. You never

forget the sag of your coat and the droop of your trousers and the imperfections of your profile in a splendid burst of self-abandonment.

But at any rate they are better than that more gruesome function the Studio Romp. There you have a ghastly affectation of good-fellowship which is entirely belied by the rival attitudinising of the various *poseurs* and *poseuses*. And—horror piled on horror!—you sit on the floor. You rub off the wainscot on your stern-walk. You collect fluff like a Bissell. That is the one indignity which at the *Soirée Musicale* they spare you. Because there isn't room to sit down.

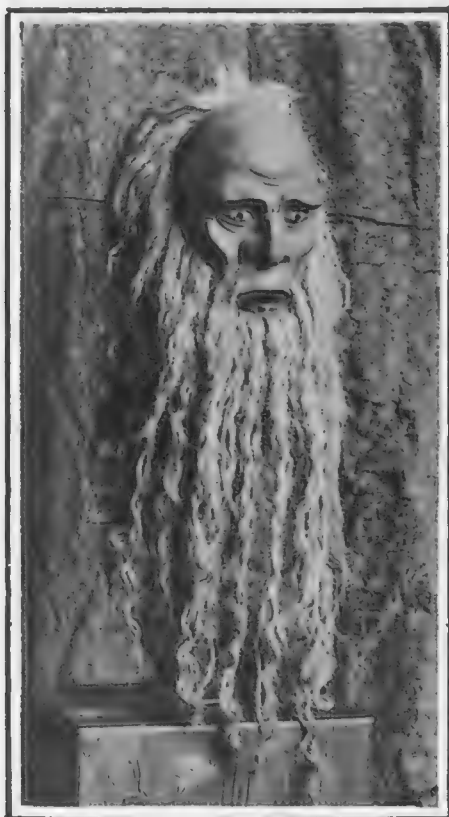


AT WORK ON A SMALL MODEL: MR. EDMUND DULAC IN HIS STUDIO. Mr. Edmund Dulac, the well-known artist, was one of the first modern men to produce masks for actors, and his productions may be described as predecessors of the Benda masks now being seen in "The League of Nations." Some of these Dulac masterpieces are illustrated on our facing page.—[Photographs by Alfieri.]

Forerunners of Benda Masks: Dulac Masks.



AT WORK ON ONE OF HIS MASKS: MR. EDMUND DULAC.



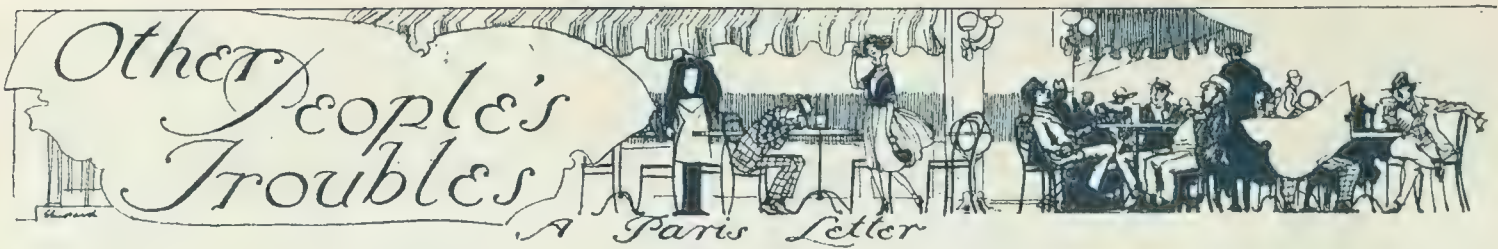
WORN IN YEATS'S PLAY: THE OLD MAN'S MASK, USED BY MR. ALAN WADE.

MUCH interest has been aroused by the Benda masks now being seen in "The League of Nations," at the Oxford, and in this connection it is interesting to recall that these masks are not the first which London has seen upon the stage. Mr. Edmund Dulac, the well-known artist, made some interesting experiments with the masks he devised for Michio Ito in 1915. Ito, a remarkable Japanese dancer, was in London for a short time after his escape from Germany. He danced at the Coliseum in Dulac masks, and also appeared in a play entitled "The Hawk's Well," by W. B. Yeats, which was given at Lady Islington's house, for charity, and witnessed by Queen Alexandra. The play was written in the Japanese Noh manner, and both the Old Man's mask, worn by Mr. Alan Wade, and the Young Man's mask, worn by Ito, were designed for it. The play, with the Dulac masks, was subsequently given in New York, at the Greenwich Village Theatre.

Photographs by Alfieri.



WORN BY MICHIO ITO IN "THE HAWK'S WELL": THE YOUNG MAN'S MASK.



WHAT is the perennial attraction of a *masque*? Why do we take such delight in dressing up? I hear lots of talk about the *redoutes* and other balls of Mardi Gras. In the old days there was a procession through the Paris streets in which was carried the *bœuf gras* in a decorated car. Afterwards, every butcher in Paris would claim to have the veritable *bœuf gras*! But nobody complained. Why should anybody, indeed? But these are the seven lean years in which fat oxen are not available for Paris processions. There is, however, no lack of fêtes, and your true Parisienne enjoys nothing so much as the opportunity of putting on un *travesti*.

It is not only on the Riviera that fancy dress is one of the ingredients of joy. Eve began to disguise herself, and since the first fancy dress—believed by most of the authorities to have been composed of fig-leaves—much ingenuity has been expended to find some new idea in clothes for these festival occasions. I have been rather amused in looking through a paper which is consecrated to the coming of Carnival. For the most part the costumes *à la mode* are skirtless—or the skirt is quite insignificant. It must be admitted, however, that it requires a certain daring—and complete faith in the elegance of one's limbs—to array oneself as a little page in an embroidered jacket ornamented with marabout. Still, I confess that, worn by the proper person, such a dress is delicious.

Even in the wildest *redoute*, however, there will be few who would care to imitate Musidora—one of our film stars—who garbs herself in tight-fitting black—with a long black cape lined in tango. The effect is striking, but it is not given to all Parisiennes to appear as a *souris d'hôtel*. Bewitching jockeys, with *culottes* of white satin and a violet *écharpe* over an orange *corsage* are more plentiful, whether at Nice or at Paris; while tiny skirts, with huge diamond aces in red satin, and beribboned and beruffed costumes of clownesses, are in favour. These dresses have this to recommend them—that there is nothing to prevent you from dancing in them; whereas in stately Pompadour gowns it is not easy to fox-trot with vivacity.

Certainly, even the most extravagant fancy dresses are pleasing in a crowded, coloured scene, such as the balls at the Opéra, which are being revived. They will probably not get back to the splendour of *autrefois*. They were a great feature of the Second Empire, when Paris was really the Gay City. And don't you remember Balzac's wonderful descriptions of the Opéra balls of an earlier day? What mystery there used to be, even for you and me, in a mask!

Two unknown eyes maliciously sparkling—what is there so tantalising as the secret that will perhaps be revealed, the features that will perhaps be unveiled later? There is still romance in a Paris masked ball, for even in this matter-of-fact age there the romance in a masked partner holds good.

But are not all modern robes fancy dress? The fantastic character of some of the new spring gowns is undeniable. Most of the fashion houses are opening. What has caused a good deal of commotion is the report that the dressmakers want to make our *élégantes* wear parti-coloured robes. There have been black satin skirts with royal-blue bodices, and the contrast of colour has not been unpleasing; but what is now proposed is to have two colours running *vertically*! Thus, from shoulder to—wherever the robe ends, on the right side, Madame may be green; while on the left side she may be violet. Or one half may be yellow or rose, and the other half blue or red. The idea seems to be resented. "Why, it is a Cubist costume," cry the Parisiennes! "Cubist" is a word which is not strictly defined, but it is intended as a term of reproach. Some critics of this eccentric style do not hesitate to describe it as Dadaïste! It is, however, a little difficult to place it exactly.

"We will refuse to wear these bizarre vestments of the fools of old French kings!" swear the women. Well, they will wear them willingly enough in the *bals travestis*, and they have indulged in even stranger extravagances in ordinary life during the past year or two. I have no doubt that if the fashion is definitely launched it will be followed. But the *couturiers* deny that they wish to make dresses in two different colours running perpendicularly. There are always these astonishing rumours at the beginning of each season. It is, explains one of the designers, necessary to startle the American buyers. I do not know why American buyers should be

startled—and, for that matter, I rather doubt whether it is possible to startle them.

The best way, perhaps, would be to put designing entirely in the hands of the artists. That would be weird. There has just been opened a Salon to which artists contribute their ideas about dress. It is full of quaint conceits. Some of them can doubtless be turned to account, but in many of them imagination has just run riot. What do you think, for example, of a pair of long gloves in serpent's skin? They have been invented by Louis Icart. The arms of a woman covered in these striped and scaly gloves will exactly resemble the twining bodies of snakes. Ugh! SISLEY HUDDLESTON.



SHOWING A NEW USE FOR A SEDAN CHAIR: Mlle. RONCEROY OF THE THÉÂTRE DES VARIÉTÉS AT HOME.

Mlle. Ronceroy, of the Théâtre des Variétés, has found a new use for a Sedan chair, as our photograph shows. It stands in her drawing-room and is used as a cabinet for bric-a-brac, and a snug seat for its charming owner.

Photograph by Delphi.



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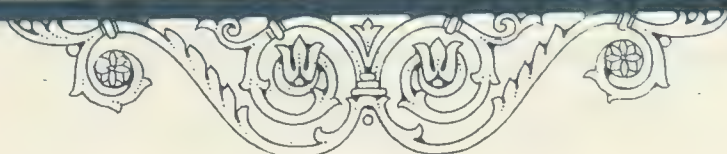
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A Winter's Wail from Paris.



BAROMETRICAL DEPRESSION IN THE GAY CITY: HOW IT AFFECTS OUR ARTIST.

Paris is not, perhaps, quite at its best in the cold days of February. In any case, this is how it struck Bryan de Grineau. You will

notice that he has got a "grouse" about practically everything owing to his barometrical depression.

SPECIALY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY BRYAN DE GRINEAU.

ABDULLA'S BEST

OR
INCENSE AND ASHES.

BY R. H. AND L. B.



DETECTIVE SHARK'S YOUNGEST DAUGHTER.



A PROMINENT SHAREHOLDER IN THE BLITZ.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

SIR KENNETH SATINWOOD, sportsman and millionaire, attending a performance at the Felicity Music-Hall, is mysteriously spirited away from

THE LADY SYRINGA SATINWOOD, his bride of a week. Cast upon the world, she endeavours to earn a livelihood by selling boot-laces. At her last gasp, she is greeted by

THE MAN WITH THE TWISTED NOSE, a sinister figure who promises to reveal to Syringa her husband's whereabouts.

ZARA, THE ORIENTAL SNAKE-CHARMER, and her colleague,

BONGO, THE BOA-CONSTRUCTOR, twin stars at the Felicity Music-Hall, are supping with Sir Kenneth at the Blitz Hotel. At the moment when Zara hails Sir Kenneth as her long lost husband, Syringa and the Man with the Twisted Nose enter the apartment, and Syringa, in dismay, faints backwards into the lift, while her companion is recognised by Zara as Andreas Zogolibowskivitch. Syringa disguises herself as a chambermaid, and in that capacity overhears Andreas claiming Zara as his wife. Later the shrieks of Andreas being done to death cause her to faint. She recovers to find herself denounced by Zara as the murderess.

DETECTIVE SHARK, having arrested Syringa, observes Bongo swallowing the body of Andreas. Sir Kenneth, entering, faints on recognising his handcuffed wife.

CHAPTER VIII.

TRUTH WILL TRIUMPH.

THE rattling of Syringa's handcuffs roused Sir Kenneth from his swoon to observe Andreas' button boots with suède uppers finally disappearing from view. The bloated Bongo, with a smile of utter repletion, rolled over and composed himself to slumber.

"Heavenly powers! what means this?" asked Sir Kenneth dizzily. "'Tis well you should ask," said Detective Shark. "Those button boots enclosed the nether extremities of the victim on whose account your wife will hereafter stand in the dock on trial for wilful murder, before a jury of her fellow-countrymen!"

Sir Kenneth calmly drew forth a solid gold cigarette-case. All the cigarettes it contained being fragrant and exquisite Abdullas, there was no need for him carefully to select one—he simply took the first that came. Inhaling the delicious aroma he turned a supercilious eye upon the minion of the law. "Your education in natural history appears to have been strangely neglected," he observed. "Are you not aware that the boa-constrictor will only devour the prey he has personally slain?"

"And to whom, may I ask, am I indebted for this information?" asked Detective Shark.

Syringa drew herself up to her full stature. "This," she said, "is my noble husband and big-game hunter, Sir Kenneth Satinwood!" Deeply crestfallen, Detective Shark himself unlocked the handcuffs from Syringa's quivering wrists. "I appear to have been slightly at fault," he admitted. "If you will allow me, I will retire to measure the furniture in the adjacent apartment."

CHAPTER IX.

AT LONG LAST.

SIR Kenneth and Syringa stood face to face, palpitating with emotion. Sir Kenneth was the first to break the silence. "Syringa," he said—and the words seemed wrung from his inmost depths—"Heaven forgive me, I am not your husband!" For a moment, Syringa, with feminine perversity, toyed with him. "Indeed?" she replied; "pray explain!" "Because my lawful wife is Zara the Snake-Charmer; deeming her long dead, I married you!"

"But," said Syringa archly, "are you sure that you were truly wedded to Zara? How if I told you that till a brief half-hour ago Andreas Zogolibowskivitch

was the lawful husband of that wicked woman?" With a crash they fell into each other's arms! . . .

Five minutes later Syringa found breath to ask for a Cigarette. As they both lit up Abdullas and inhaled the Oriental incense, Sir Kenneth murmured: "Without the charms and consolation of Abdulla's Cigarettes should we ever have reached this happy goal?" Wrapt in a cloud of perfect fragrance, their lips were once more about to meet, when a loud report arrested them. Bongo had burst!

[THE END.]



At Long Last!



ON THE LINKS

By HENRY LEACH.

Bill for Captain. Bill Fownes is coming. When we hear of those Americans approaching here in the new season, we shall know that Bill Fownes is among them. He will be the most interesting figure of them all, and will occupy an office unique in the history of international golf, for he will be captain of the American team that will assail us. This is news, communicated to me from the most official and reliable sources on the American continent, and it is just amazing how, in the reports of the American intentions in this

forthcoming season, some of our people have seized the wrong end of the stick, and have been vainly trying to make swans out of thin and cross-bred geese. Having given a list of a few American citizens, including Messrs. Francis Ouimet, Charles Evans, and Robert Jones, who would probably visit this country for the Amateur Championship in May, they declared this would be the strongest team that had ever landed here with fell designs upon our chief trophies, when the truth is that the Americans could not collect a team that would be stronger than that they had at Sandwich in 1914, which received in full measure the humiliation it had asked for. Likewise, we were told, and our papers said—in spite of the lessons they received the Hagen fiasco last year

invitations will materialise. Not because we do not like these people and appreciate their good intentions, we fear they will not. However, let us return to Bill Fownes. He is coming, if anyone does. It has

been his heart's desire for a long time past. We who write know Bill well, and he has told us so. The people who sent the news of the American players who would try their luck at Hoylake left Bill out, omitted the captain! What next? And in the matter of golfing importance, our pal Bill is about as good as any, even though it is not suggested that he is the best amateur golfer in the world, as some Americans are saying now, most remarkably, of Chick Evans! Bill Fownes (to be pronounced "Fohns") won the American Championship in 1910, and he has been mighty near it several times since, including twice in the semi-final. There is no American player who has more regularly gone far in the tournament. Bill is



IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE: SIR WALTER DE FRECE, M.P., AND LADY DE FRECE (MISS VESTA TILLEY).

Lady de Frece, or rather Miss Vesta Tilley—to use the stage name by which she is so well known—has been in the South of France with her husband, Sir Walter de Frece, M.P. for Ashton-under-Lyne.—[Photograph by Navello.]



WITH Mlle. DE BELLET: MR. M. C. DRACOPOLI GOLFING AT NICE. Mlle. de Bellet is a well-known French lady golfer. She has recently been playing at Nice.—[Photograph by Navello.]

about talking nonsense in connection with—that this next summer a team of American professionals was coming here which would place our Open Championship in the gravest peril, sure it would, and that great national subscriptions were to be opened in America to defray expenses in connection with this gigantic expedition. It might be that if every professional in America were sent to Britain the championship would remain in its mother country; we would at least lay good odds it would. And now we hear that, having aimed at collecting thirty thousand dollars in dollar subscriptions for an expedition to send twenty of their best professionals, the Americans are having unexpected difficulties in raising anything like such a sum of money, and that while Chicago has subscribed fairly well, there is little doing in New York and the East generally—where they know most.

Points of Mr. Fownes. By all means let them come in force; but neither they nor our own people should circulate rubbish about their prospects. Now they are inviting Abe Mitchell and Duncan to visit America and compete in their Metropolitan Open at Siwanoy in August; they are asking an Oxford and Cambridge team to compete in their College Golf Association Championships; and I know of the intention to start in America an international challenge trophy, and to ask us and others to send teams there this summer: so it appears they now desire us to invade instead. Our friends believe that most of these



WITH THE HON. "CARDIE" MONTAGU, D.S.O.: THE COUNTESS OF BRECKNOCK (LEFT) AND MRS. WINSTON CHURCHILL. This snapshot from the South of France shows Lady Brecknock, the wife of the Marquess of Camden's elder son, walking with Mrs. Winston Churchill and the Hon. "Cardie" Montagu, D.S.O., Lord Swaythling's youngest brother. It will be remembered that Lady Brecknock, who was formerly Miss Marjorie Jenkins, was a bride of last year.—[Photograph by Navello.]

he works hard at his business, which is in Pittsburgh, Pa., but he is just as good a stickler as ever he was, and he knows more shots every year.

He is a Thinker. Now, Bill is one of those beings who take their game of golf very seriously. We got to know him somewhere in Eastern America, and encountered him next at Wheaton, Ill., when he was mugging up Braid's "Advanced Golf" all he could; and, knowing his English pal had had some acquaintance with this work, he pleaded to him to expound certain passages to him. And then we met again at many places, and during a championship at Brooklyn, Mass., he kept on wagging our pet brassey one night, and coveted it exceedingly, but we murmured that it must return to England; whereupon he said that America was a strange country, and it might not. (But it did.) But everywhere Bill thinks hard upon the game and practises it assiduously. Bill is an absolute golfer, and we should think he would be an ideal captain. But, say, what has a captain to do with a team coming over, however officially, to play in our Amateur Championship? We can understand a captain being needed in team matches, where it is a case of selection at the last moment; but all who come will play in the Championship, and the worst thing in the world to tell any competitor is: *how* to play it. However, perhaps a company of invaders should have a captain, even if only as a figure-head, and there could be none better than Bill Fownes.



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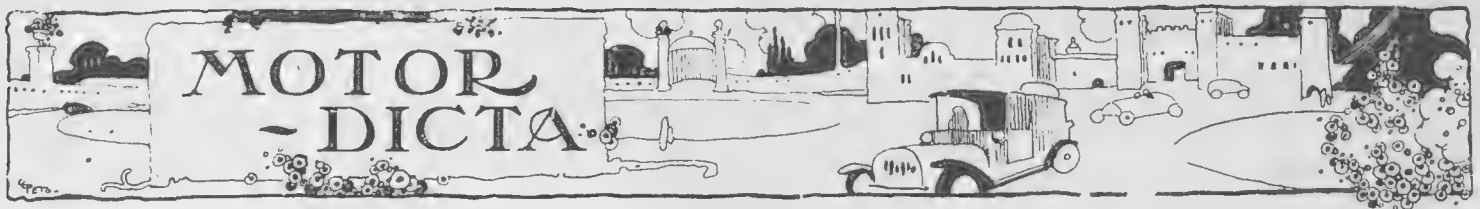
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THE "A.A." TAKES THE FIELD—ROLLS-ROYSTERING IN THE SUNSHINE. By GERALD BISS.

NATURALLY, the imminence of the Motor-Car Bill, about which I wrote last week, and possibly the imminence also of a General Election, are calling forth great activity at H.Q. "A.A.," and Fanum House is fairly seething. Hardly had the papers gone forth with regard to a referendum of its members than they were followed hot-foot by the announcement of the organisation of area committees in every Parliamentary constituency. With regard to the former, the idea is to discover whether such a big body of private motorists consider it advisable to fight for the abolition or merely the extension of the speed-limit, bearing in mind that the latter would probably be strictly enforced; and whether it is their opinion that the new taxation should be changed for a flat rate upon motor fuel. If members will think these points out and return the postcards, they should certainly supply some interesting data as to the average motorist's point of view. The other scheme is to get a real local grip upon all candidates, and tackle them throughout the country by an organised network of representative committees, which can keep in touch not only with all motoring developments, but with their Members as well. So far, the brunt of all Parliamentary battles has fallen upon just a few volunteer M.P.s, who have been over-ridden; and it is not unwarrantably felt that a new and properly organised policy must take the place of sporadic outbursts of individual energy, if it is ever to be brought home to the wire-pullers of post-war politics that the automobile vote of the country—representing increasingly not only so many private users, but every big business firm and a very large and important industry—can be turned into a very considerable factor. If we are to have a surprise General Election directly after an early Budget, there is no time to be wasted; and it should be all shoulders to the wheel.

Chequers.

No need to paint the lily or varnish a Rolls-Royce, especially upon one of those rare Riviera days which the Weather Controller occasionally chucks more or less contemptuously to such of us who have to stay at home while the erstwhile "E.P.D."-sters speed to the Sunny South to avoid the insistence of the super-tax-collector. Even such a day was vouchsafed to me for a wonderful ramble just over a week ago in the very latest Rolls through the lanes of Herts and Bucks and over the Chilterns, aimlessly and without programme. The only thing which spoilt my day was Chequers in all its mellow Elizabethan delight lit up by the afternoon sun; and to think that—well, well, I will not go further into the matter. It is the only possible consideration which would ever make me reconciled to becoming Prime Minister at this sump of things political; and is even Chequers worth it? And I certainly

Sliding and Gliding.

As I say, there is no need to varnish the Rolls—simply to forget about it and enjoy the goodness of the day with both lungs. We were not out to stunt, but to Rolls-Royster in a minor key, with nothing vile except the road-surface, which was as slithery as an unstewed eel. Little Eric had certainly not sent out his maids with their mops to clear his roads up that morning, and we found one innocent snugly ensconced, bonnet



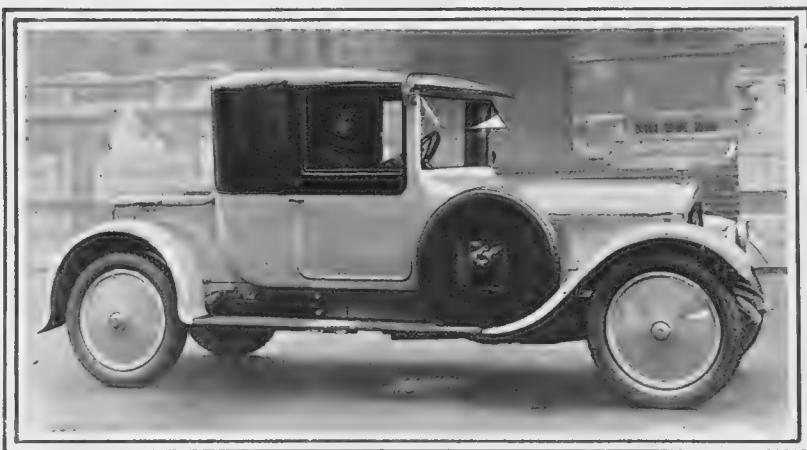
CLIMBING WEST HILL, HIGHGATE: THE CROSSLEY 196-H.P. MODEL.

Our photograph shows the Crossley 196-h.p. model climbing West Hill, Highgate, which it can do easily on third speed. In fact, only the steepest corner calls for a descent from top gear. As evidence that the gearing is not low, this identical car will comfortably exceed sixty miles an hour on the level.

facing the road, in quite a cosy little ditch. We were nearly ditched ourselves once, but that was by a four-ton Thornycroft with a mannerless man at the wheel; so when we got in front of him we thought it a belated opportunity to change that smooth tyre upon our near back wheel while we told him in dulcet tones and the vernacular what we thought of him, and he took a compulsory rest owing to the narrowness of the lane. It was our only road-stop of the day, and certainly not compulsory—quite as much didactic as discretionary. You don't stop in a Rolls unless you are thirsty, or possibly hungry; and whereas I wanted to see the action of the Rolls' own special starter, it was not necessary all the livelong day, as we started every time from the switch—practically always the case after the first start of the day, Mr. Percy Northey, who was chaperoning me, assured me. We sauntered, with occasional bursts of high spirits and speed; and I think that of all things about the Rolls, the acceleration—the soul of any and every car—is the most delightful.

Stands Rolls-Royce Where It Did?

One of the favourite post-prandial amateur academic automobile discussions of the day is whether the post-war Rolls be better or worse than the pre-war Rolls. Like other folk, naturally they have had their little troubles up at Derby; and they themselves were not satisfied with the pistons to hand during the moulders' strike, and replaced them all voluntarily, only using them temporarily to keep deliveries moving. At another time there was certain slight initial trouble with the now acknowledged splendid starting system—a slipping belt—but that was soon put right. The Rolls folk are always initiating, proceeding upon the principle of ceaseless evolution rather than radical alteration. To matters metallurgical, to the personal element, and the old Rolls slogan of finish, very special post-war attention has been given. My only question is where in the hard times ahead and the cessation of Winstonian "Mespots," taking into consideration other really fine cars and comparative prices, the super-automobilists are to be found to absorb the increased output, especially as the American factory is reported to be upon the threshold of production. Money is getting a very painful subject nowadays.



ON A LATEST TYPE SIX-CYLINDER NAPIER CHASSIS: A SPECIAL BODY BY THE CUNARD MOTOR AND CARRIAGE COMPANY.

This special body was recently constructed by the Cunard Motor and Carriage Co., Ltd., of Putney, and fitted to one of the latest type six-cylinder Napier chassis. It provides for the seating of three persons in great comfort, while allowing ample space for tools and luggage. It was built to the order of Mr. Henry Lewis, who has been a Napier owner for many years.

had as compensation the nice, though temporary, feeling of super-taxability, as I sat amidst the silence of the superb springing of my temporary Rolls—for the time, at any rate, as well off as any hedge Premier in his Chequer-ed career.

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Rowntree's
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Edna Best

THROUGH A GLASS LIGHTLY.

A GLOW-WORM hath no honour in his own moonlight.

It was a very amateur poacher who wondered whether the game was worth the candle.

A dear old lady entered a booking-office where tickets were sold for all the theatres in the town. She said that the leading man was "such a dear," and that she always *did* like the author of the play, because he was so unconsciously witty. So she would take two stalls for to-morrow's matinée. The person who had the handling of the giving out of tickets did something on the 'phone and told the dear old lady that it would be all right, and that, strangely enough, there would be room for two people in the stalls at to-morrow's matinée. The old lady said: "And what will they be?" The clerk replied, "Twenty-four-and-six, Madame." The dear old lady, still fumbling with a ten-shilling note, said, "But, my dear young gentleman, *I wanted them together.*" Finally, she took two seats in a theatre where the lower-priced seats were bookable.

You can't judge the "pictures" by the flappers in the box.

Only in the last few days have I heard a gem that comes from the year that is dead—*e.g.*, 1920. It was on the night—"such a night as that"—of Dec. 31, 1920, when a well-established family, having had all the celebration over Christmas, retired early and left the house in perfect quietude by somewhere round 10.30 p.m. The family decided to dodge the noisy celebrations of the incoming of a year that could do nothing towards making anything worse than the dying one had made it. By eleven o'clock the house was still. At a quarter of an hour before the hour "when churchyards yawn" a horribly terrifying crash woke up the old-year sleepers. In one moment the whole household was about. Father, mother, sisters and brothers and guests rushed downstairs, only to find that the house had been entered by burglars, that the crash had been caused by the cutting of telephone wires (which business caused the entire mechanism to fall on to a large china bowl—hence the crash), and that the intruders had escaped through the garden, with most of the plate. "What shall we do?" exclaimed one of the pyjamaed party. "What *can* we do?" asked father. And mother suggested the police. "But the telephone," ungrammatically hinted the daughter. "My police whistle," was the inspiration of the son. And so the whistle. But at the moment when father went to the front door and blew his son's whistle with all the might that in him was left, the doors and windows of all the houses in that street were flung wide, lights were opened

out upon the darkened maze, and cheery voices called out to the harbingers of 1921, "Happy New Year!" And then the clocks began to strike and the hooters to bellow and the general merriment to continue.

And the result was that no police ever came near, the burglars got away, and poor father—well, mother still tells him that he should have waited until the clocks struck.

Love is like a cigarette. It begins in fire, goes off in smoke, and leaves ashes.

No matter how mean a man may be, he is bound to give himself away, sooner or later.

A touring company happened, through the luck or otherwise of bookings, to be playing in a little "back-wooded" town in Wales. The leading man impersonated the part of a parson. Usually the parson on the stage is made to look either a saint or a silly ass. Any parson you care to pick upon is neither. But this particular impersonation was that of a truly noble, gentle-minded minister who acted as a "white man" through all kinds of vicissitudes, and above all kinds of vainglories. It pleased the Welsh audience, who love a good "preacher." If there is one thing more than another that the ordinary Welshman likes, it is a good "preacher." At the end of the performance one of the Town Councillors—who was, incidentally, quite a prominent force in the chapel—spoke to the owner of the theatre. They discussed "the bringing on to the stage of people engaged as ministers," and they debated the question thoroughly. But by that time, it being after ten o'clock, they had to part. And as they parted the Town Councillor turned to the theatre-owner and said: "Well, lemme tell yew this. I don't care whether preachers is acted on th' stage or not. But, honestly, and this is from man to man, if ever there's a preacher put before 'the public, let him be good; an' tell me, wherr did you get him from?—'cos 'e's dām good."

Here are some little proverbs from the little-known people—the Garden Folk—

Happy are the crutch-makers when the centipedes make war.

All is not bold that twitters.

It is the paid gardener that knows the exact time.

It's a wise ant who knows her own nephew.

When the amateur falleth over the rake, then doth his language surpass even the knowledge of the bookworm in the slang dictionary.

Wasps at the table
careful be
Between the "Seville"
and the deep tea.
SPEx.



AT THE PALACE: SIR HARRY LAUDER, THE PREMIER SCOTTISH COMEDIAN.

The return of Sir Harry Lauder to London, which took place last week, was a triumphant affair. The Scottish comedian is in great form, his voice as good as ever, and his new songs are excellent.—[Photograph by Lafayette.]



A NOTABLE GATHERING OF MUSICIANS: GUESTS AT M. AND MME. SHAPIRO'S HOUSE.

This notable group of musicians was taken at the house of Monsieur C. Shapiro, the conductor and pianist. The photograph shows, seated on the floor, from left to right, Mme. Shapiro (violinist); M. G. Shapiro (pianist and conductor); Michael Dore (violinist); M. Serge Koussevitsky (the famous Russian conductor, who has just made his reappearance in London); Daniel Melsa (the well-known violinist); Giovanni Minotti (the Italian pianist); and Boris Levenson (the Russian composer). In the second row, the third, fourth, and fifth from the extreme left are Miss Joan Carr (wife of Melsa and herself a pianist); Miss Nadja Green (the poetess); and Lena Kontovovitch (the Polish violinist); and, among those standing, Samuel Kutcher (violinist) is in the exact centre of the third row, with G. Barbiroli (the Italian 'cellist) on his right hand; and V. Koritzky (tenor) is the second from the left of the standing figures, with Prince Wolkonsky (who has just escaped from Russia to England) next him.—[Photograph by Record Press.]

"There's nothing like Bovril"

—Dorothy Cheston.

Miss Dorothy Cheston, whose acting contributed in no small measure to the success of "The Knight of the Burning Pestle" at the Kingsway Theatre, makes a regular practice of lunching on Bovril. "No other mid-day meal," says Miss Cheston, "is quite so satisfactory. An actress necessarily breakfasts late and dines early. Under these conditions a lunch must be light, but it must also be nourishing and stimulating. On Matinée days I find a Bovril luncheon particularly valuable. The two performances are a big strain, and there's nothing like Bovril to give one the vitality needed."

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So Cheering. Surrounded as we are by so many distressing happenings—the rise in the price of gas, for instance, that nasty buff-coloured and very curt demand for income tax, not to mention the marches of the unemployed and vague rumour of an unprecedented Budget—it is really refreshing to take a look round at spring millinery, that, as usual, has put in an early appearance. Its coming is not accidental. Fashion has not been deceived by the antics of the weather, that has actually been warmer in London than in more than one popular “sun” place on the Riviera. Spring hats, as has been remarked above, always come early, and they do it to cheer women whose spirits are somewhat depressed by weeks of grey as well as foggy days. Next time you see your best woman friend in a new hat that sends your spirits up, don’t label her as an extravagant and improvident “waster.” She’s probably been feeling depressed, and has selected

satin. An illustration of the last-named brand is provided by another of the hats drawn by Ella Fulton. In this instance the satin crown is black, and the draped brim brown lace. The scarf-end is partly of satin and partly of lace; and the dentelle, as you see, is cleverly arranged so that, properly adjusted, it can really fulfil some of the duties of a veil. There is a great deal to be said for this scarf attachment, more especially when it is in lace or tulle, and long enough to be worn round the throat. It quite certainly is a soft and becoming frame for the wearer’s face, though it has, too, a *chic* all its own when, as happens in the black georgette model decorated with orange Madeira embroidery, it simply falls straight down on one side.

Gay Heads. As I’ve already intimated, there will be gay heads this spring, due chiefly to the use of vivid-coloured straws and Japanese embroideries.

Notice, please, how a veil of nigger-brown lace attached to a hat, partly of black satin, interprets its duties.



“Let’s be gay,” says the mode, and then plans a hat of orange pedal straw crowned with glycerined feathers.

this particular method of curing the trouble. It seldom fails in its object, and is really far more economical than a breakdown and doctors’ bills would be in the long run.

Blooming in Beauty. To sample the tonic effects of spring millinery go to the hat salons at Woolland Brothers in Knightsbridge, where Ella Fulton sketched the hats shown on this page. They are only a very few selected at random from very many, but they do help to give a vivid idea of the varied charm of the hats for the new season. After a régime of velvet and satin and brocade and fur, it is delightful to find oneself face to face with lightsome frivolities of lace and flippant-looking affairs in every possible shade of bright straw. Bright colouring—just as gay as the flowers that are supposed to bloom in the spring, but are precociously coming out in February—is one of the most striking characteristics of the new millinery.

A Matter of Size. Though one finds turbans and toques of all kinds in the spring collections, the hats—quite naturally, for aren’t we hoping for just a little more sun soon?—show an increase of brim. Some of them, as you see from the sketches, are frankly large. For instance, there is that model trimmed in front with two nodding ostrich-feathers. The crown is brown satin, and the draped brim is of brown lace, and the feathers fall in with the colour-scheme. Note the veil—a purely courtesy title, by the way: just a bit of lace falling an inch or two below the brim in front and in points at the sides. Hat artists seem to have fallen ready victims to this draped form of veil, as well as to the notion of attaching a scarf-like end to every possible kind of hat. Sometimes this end is tulle, sometimes it is lace, sometimes it is crêpe-de-Chine, sometimes it is half lace and half



The “cloche” brim is about the most becoming there is. The hat is black with orange embroidery.



Another way of utilising a veil.

Though one finds turbans and toques of all kinds in the spring collections, the hats—quite naturally, for aren’t we hoping for just a little more sun soon?—show an increase of brim. Some of them, as you see from the sketches, are frankly large. For instance, there is that model trimmed in front with two nodding ostrich-feathers. The crown is brown satin, and the draped brim is of brown lace, and the feathers fall in with the colour-scheme. Note the veil—a purely courtesy title, by the way: just a bit of lace falling an inch or two below the brim in front and in points at the sides. Hat artists seem to have fallen ready victims to this draped form of veil, as well as to the notion of attaching a scarf-like end to every possible kind of hat. Sometimes this end is tulle, sometimes it is lace, sometimes it is crêpe-de-Chine, sometimes it is half lace and half

Glazed and Shiny. Another new material that the artist in head-wear is hard at work exploiting is a highly glazed straw. One generally finds it in shot effects, the darker ones at a distance suggesting a crown or brim made of closely grouped iridescent green and blue and black paillettes. Many of these hats have a satin brim, and are really delightful for wear with tailor-mades. One gets them in all colours. One at Woollands’ shows yellow flecks against a black background; and a flame-coloured scarf with the inevitable long end supplies the trimming. In another the prevailing colour-note was cinnamon, but the decoration was a twist and bow of black ciré ribbon, the loop standing out at right angles to the hat. Ciré, by the way, is another medium much in evidence in the millinery world. And this is a material which gives an extraordinary look of smartness to anything it adorns. It is true it cannot supply that picturesque touch which some women prize so much; but for true *chic*, it is unsurpassable, whether used as the principal material for a dress, or merely as a trimming for a frock or hat.

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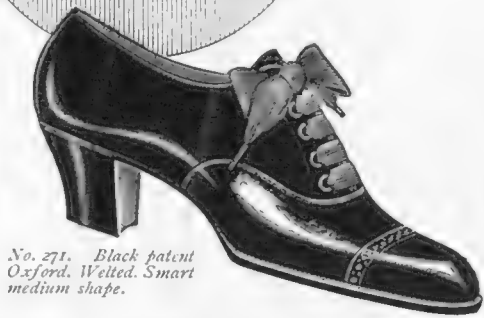


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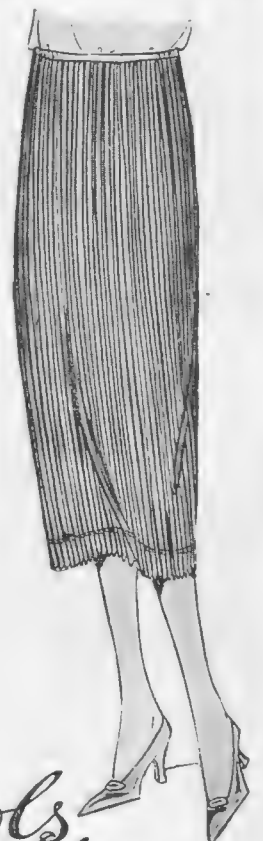
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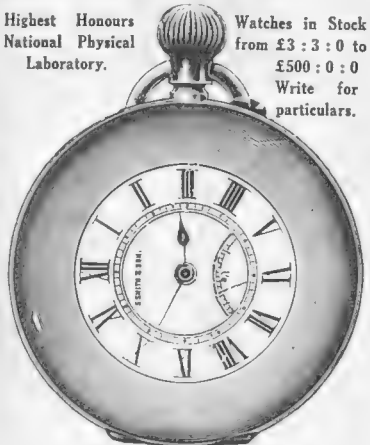
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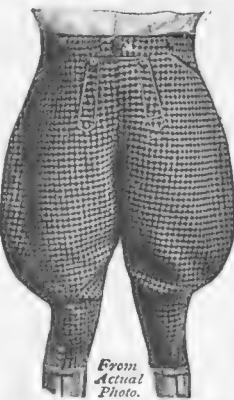
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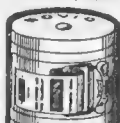
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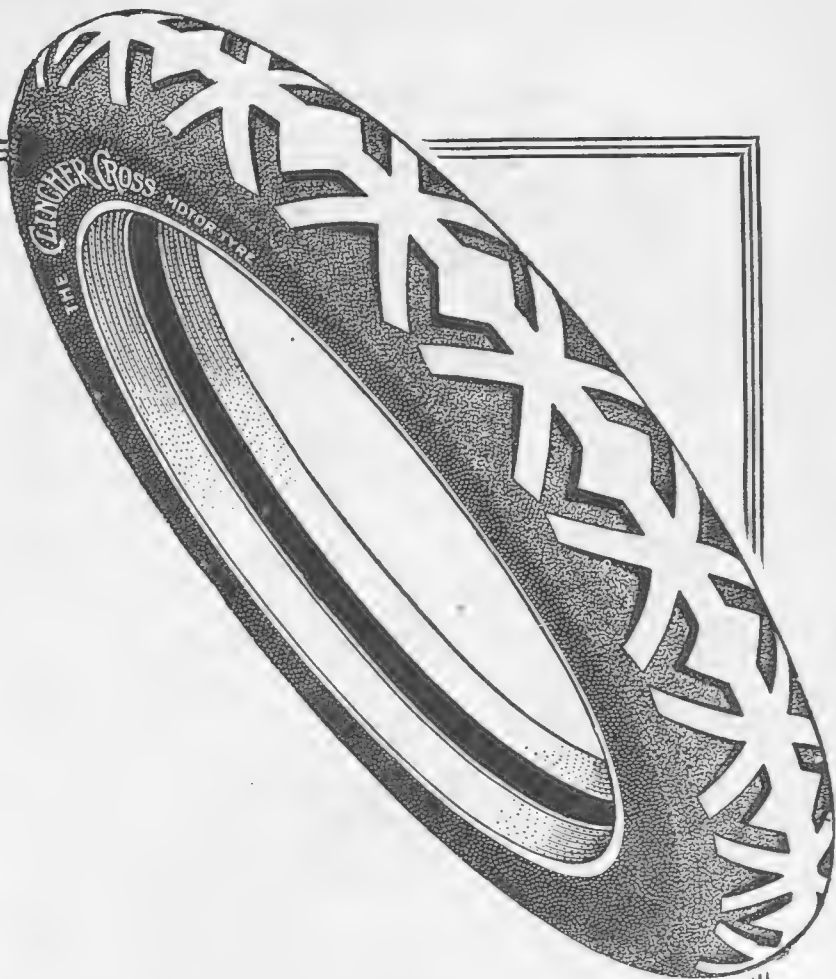
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PRICE **84/-**

The Jumper and Skirt can be supplied separately, **42/-** each.

EXCEPTIONAL VALUE IN GLOVES.

French Chamois Leather Gloves (as sketch) made from specially selected soft pliable skins. In white and yellow. A most reliable washing glove.

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New Season's PRICE.	4/-	4/9	6/3	7/3	11/-	13/9	16/-	20/-	24/6	31/6
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Verre Street & Oxford Street,
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New "Reville" Spring Creations.



This exquisite gown is of flame-shot taffeta with an overskirt of wonderful gold lace.



A really charming yellow taffeta gown with beautiful gold-embroidered designs, with gold lace round neck, and underskirt of gold lace. The gown is caught at-waist with a lovely shaded gold and bronze flower and spray hanging to bottom of skirt.



A most exquisite evening gown, designed by Mr. Reville, and has a tunic of white bugles and silver sequins, draped at sides with white net. Round the waist are pink and green shaded bugles forming roses and leaves.



A Spring costume in black velvet with white brocade underskirt—collar and cuffs of white satin. Lower part of tunic is embroidered in Rhinestones.



"Any idea what it costs your husband a year to run his car?"

"Well, judging by the language he uses over it, I should say it's going to cost him his eternal salvation."

DRAWN BY BERT THOMAS.

THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

Madam Mud-in-the-Face.

Not even the mud of recent dirty days in London can reach the skirts of girlhood—that is to say, girlhood at all stages—unaided. With the assistance of passing motor traffic it can bespatter the wearer of the shortest skirt quite liberally. The temper in such a case becomes shorter than the skirt, and some amusement was caused by a very elegantly fur-clad lady who, having received a plaster of mud on her coat, and several blobs on her face, shook her fist at the window of the offending car, and said a few unflattering things of the owner. There was no response, and as the car passed me a second later, I saw that its sole occupant was a well-nourished, elderly lady who was fast asleep! So the demonstration, if quite justifiable, passed without effect.

To Make the Horses Shy.

I have been given a private view of some of the satin foulards, printed crêpes-de-Chine, and brochés for the coming season. If they are adopted for outdoor wear we shall have reason to congratulate ourselves that horses are off the streets, for the colours and designs are calculated to scare such sensitive animals. I rubbed my dazzled eyes after inspecting some two dozen of these novelties. Effective they are, almost to the verge of shock. I was assured, however, that when they were made up, there would be nothing startling about them save the colours, and that it is to be a season of colour. Old Moore is not more persistent in prophesying severe weather in January than fashion prognosticators in telling us we are going to have a season of bright colours. British women do not care for brilliant-hued dresses, and I gravely doubt if they will wear them.

Grave and Gay.

When one goes to a wedding, it is a kind of moral perversity to go poking about tombs and memorials. However, I arrived at Hatfield too early for the Manners-Cecil wedding, and



Photo. G.P.A.

To enliven the sombreness of her black, skunk-trimmed costume, she had a sash gaily striped in many colours swathed round her.

so examined the Church of St. Etheldreda, which is beautiful, part of it dating from the thirteenth century. Two great Prime Ministers are buried there—Viscount Melbourne and the late Marquess of Salisbury. There is a Chapel called the Bocket Chapel, and Lord Melbourne died at Bocket Hall, Hatfield, now occupied by Lord and Lady Mount Stephen. It was touching, too, that a newly-put-in stained-glass window to the west side of the nave was in memory of the Bishop of Exeter's three sons, who were killed in the war. Hatfield is a typical old-world town, and Hatfield House beautiful exceedingly. To turn from grave to gay, the wedding was a very pretty one. Mrs. Asquith's step-granddaughter got into the limelight, poor mite, by crying her little heart out from shyness.

The Forward Minxes of the Garden.

My lady came in from a walk in her garden before the frost came again, and, when she had removed waterproof and goloshes, scolded her bulbs for their extreme forwardness, her roses for putting out their efforts too soon, the grass for beginning to grow so early, and finally remarked on the extreme foolishness of the lilac-trees to show the tiny flower-clusters in January. Hyacinths, snowdrops, and primroses were all out together, and probably very much surprised to meet each other. On the whole, instead of encouraging the previousness of her plants, she was quite vexed with them, and said that when she wants flowers for Easter

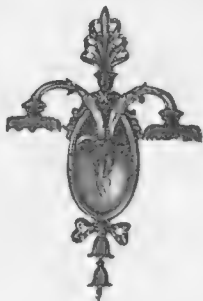
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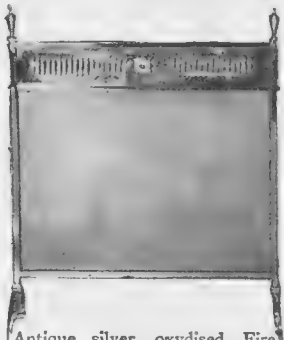
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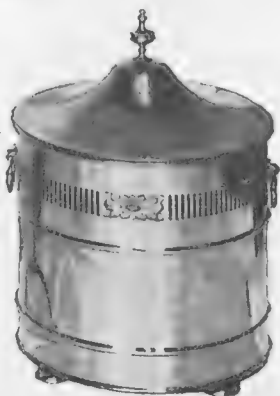
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Onion, Carters Selected Ailsa Craig.—We offer a very fine strain of this popular Onion, which, on account of its enormous size, is in great demand amongst exhibitors of vegetables. Per pkt., 6d., 1/-, 1/6 and 2/6; per oz., 3/9.

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Pea, The Pilot, Carters Re-selected (Round Seeded, Ht. 3 ft.).—Produces large, well-filled, deep-coloured pods, about the size of *Gradus*. Per $\frac{1}{2}$ -pint, 1/9; per pint, 3/-.

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Tomato, Carters Sunrise.—The finest Tomato for indoor or outdoor cultivation; flavour, colour, shape and size. Per pkt., 6d., 1/-, 1/6, and 2/6.

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The Autocar, Dec., 4th, 1920.

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YARDLEY & CO., LTD., 8, New Bond Street, London, W.1
Perfumers and Fine Soap Makers since 1770.

Continued. they will be over; when Primrose Day comes there will be no primroses; that lilac will be nipped directly the clusters drop; and so the poor, dear things' early efforts were quite unappreciated. Now there is no blame for them, only sympathy and anxiety lest the frost nips!

An Inheritance in Ulster.

Mr. Winston Churchill's inheritance in County Antrim is, I fancy, more picturesque than prosperous. The house, Garron Tower, is an imposing-looking residence, built on a plateau about eighty feet above the beautiful coast road from Larne to Cushendal. The second wife of the third Marquess of Londonderry, a Vane and a great heiress, built it at the time of the potato famine in Ireland, to give relief to the people through employment. It was for many years a hotel greatly resorted to by holiday-makers from Lancashire. Friends of mine tell me that they were there twenty years ago, and were met at Larne, when they got off the boat, by a motor-car in the shape of an Irish jaunting car. They nearly fell off from laughing. The thing smelt awful, and, jolted and roared, but, finally, landed them at the Tower, refusing to go up the rather hilly avenue. There are very fine rooms in the house, and the gardens are, or were then, lovely. I imagine that little more than habitable repair has been kept up, and the whole estate is not very valuable.

Undesirable Visitors.

There is a great demand for any position from which any glimpse of the pageant of the opening of Parliament may be caught. Peeresses have applied for seats in unusually large numbers. It is not an occasion for the wearing of new frocks; as a rule, they are familiar friends in black, with an admixture of others, equally well proven, in white or grey. It is a day for the display of jewels, which will be withdrawn from strong-rooms for only a few hours. No one cares to have valuables about now when light-fingered ladies and gentlemen are so very active and exact so much greatly begrudged hospitality. A woman I know, who has a strong-room, or very large safe in her flat, went home a few nights ago to find the supper laid for herself and her family eaten, all the wine and spirits available gone, and a few small, easily removed articles likewise. Also, there was a note in quite educated writing which said: "Damn your old safe!—we'll get it open yet." These were not her sentiments towards her saving safe!

Mr. Frederick Richmond, the managing director of Messrs. Debenham and Freebody, has been appointed Appeal President for the Maintenance Fund for the Warehousemen, Clerks, and Drapers' Schools, Purley, where are maintained and educated the orphan boys and girls of the textile

trade of the whole country. Some £30,000 is required to carry on the work. Special contributions are invited towards the establishment of the new school, forming the war memorial of the textile trade. This will be opened at Easter, and will be situated at Addington, Surrey, where a beautiful property has been presented by Mr. Howard Hollingsworth.

Anyone who is interested in gardening will be glad to hear that "Garden and Lawn," Carter's seed catalogue for 1921, is now out (published from Raynes Park, S.W. 20), together with the order form, so that it is possible to order the latest of the famous tested seeds for choice vegetables and beautiful flowers. The catalogue is profusely illustrated, and contains prices and lists of all the newest seeds. Carter and Co. are seedsmen to the King, and all their goods may be absolutely relied on. They are general providers for all garden wants—as grass-fertilisers, worm-killers, and other necessities for the production of clean lawns; special mixtures and seeds for putting-greens, croquet-lawns, golf-courses, lawn-tennis courts, and every other form of playing field are among their specialties; while landscape-gardening experts will prepare designs and estimates for all sorts of ornamental grounds, and give advice for remodelling and improving existing grounds.

The average father doesn't object to his boys playing billiards, but he strongly objects to their getting into loose company. Why not let them play billiards at home? The girls could join them and learn the game, and the long winter evenings would be looked forward to as a pleasurable time instead of their being a bogey. Messrs. E. J. Riley, Ltd., Regent Works, Accrington, have made a specialty of a removable table to go in any ordinary room, and will supply you on the easy-payment system. They will send you an illustrated price-list, post free, of either their "Home" billiard tables or "Combine" billiard and dining tables on receipt of a postcard.

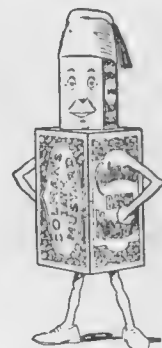
"Who's Who in America," which is published by Marquis and Co. of Chicago, and obtainable in this country from Messrs. Stanley Paul and Co., is an admirable counterpart of our "Who's Who," and is invaluable to anyone who has occasion to look up distinguished men and women from the "other side." It was first published in 1899, and makes its appearance every two years, so the present volume is No. 11. Starting with 827 pages, the book has grown to 3302 pages, and now contains 23,443 biographies, many of which tell the romantic history of American business success. The American "Who's Who" gives accounts of all those who hold official positions, and also contains a complete and accurate record of those who have achieved special prominence in creditable lines of effort, in business, art, or any other direction.

As good as a Turkish Bath in your own home—

MUSTARD BATH



A bath to which is added a couple of tablespoonfuls or so of COLMAN'S MUSTARD or the contents of a carton of specially prepared BATH MUSTARD.



"Let Muster Mustard prepare your bath."

VENUS
17 degrees
Blacklead
6B-9H
3 Styles
Copying
Of all Stationers
PENCILS
6d. each,
5/8 per dozen.

"VENUS" LOWER CLAPTON, ROAD E. 5.

Little brother of a great cigar

The only genuine half-size Corona; made of the same leaf as "La Corona Corona," the most perfect Havana cigar produced. Give it its full name when asking for it, as its size and shape are imitated but its quality is unapproachable.

La Corona
Half - a - Corona

Obtainable from all high-class tobacconists, 163/- per 100 packed in boxes of 100, or 43/- per box of 25

MELBOURNE, HART & CO.,
31-34 Basinghall Street, E.C.

Weather Conditions

make no difference to
the enjoyment of

Van Houten's

—the most
delicious cocoa for
all occasions.

Best & Goes Farthest.

Wonderful Value in New Spring GEORGETTE BLOUSES

This attractive Blouse is copied from an exclusive Paris model, and is made by our own workers in rich pure silk georgette that was freely sold last season at 12/6 per yard.

DAINTY BLOUSE (as sketch) in heavy quality georgette, with becoming collar and sleeves to elbow, trimmed veining and pleated frill. This blouse can be worn outside skirt, and is finished with sash ends to tie at back. In ivory, champagne, flesh, grey, and a variety of fashionable shades. In sizes 42, 44 and 46.

PRICE
29/6

WASHABLE GLOVE
(as sketch) made from good quality fabric with the appearance and finish of chamois leather, two large white pearl buttons. In white only.

4/11 per pair.

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UNPRECEDENTED OFFER.

Whilst the present stock holds, our special **GUINEA WRIST BAG** is reduced to **17/6**. Postage 9d. extra. Real MOROCCO, three fittings. Colours: Navy, Brown, Purple and Black.

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VELVET LINED MANICURE ROLL, fitted Collapsible Ivory-handled Polisher, Ivory Fittings—**£2 12 6**

John Pound & Co.

Established 1823

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LADY'S FITTED DRESSING CASE, made of best BROWN ROLLED HIDE, lined moiré silk, plain stout SILVER Fittings, complete with waterproof cover. Size 22 x 13 x 6 in. **£29 18 6**

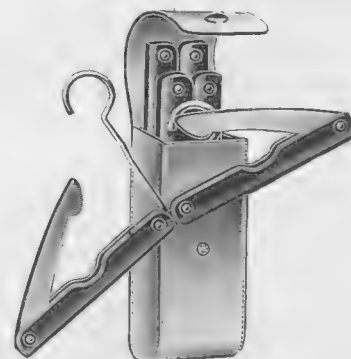


LADY'S SILK BAG, strong frame, with INNER DIVISION. Colours: Navy, Nigger, and Black.

Wonderful **21/9** Value.

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Specially designed to carry Customers' **OWN** Fittings.



Three **COAT HANGERS** in CALF LEATHER CASE, **15/6** Postage 9d

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CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 97, GRESHAM STREET, E.C.

REPARATIONS.

EVERYBODY—except, perhaps, the wily Hun—must have been glad to learn that the Paris Conference has succeeded in coming to a decision over the German indemnity. It has at least removed one possible cause of disagreement between our Allies and ourselves. The figure of £11,300,000,000 is large enough to satisfy popular demands in the Entente countries, and to infuriate the enemy; whilst the fact that payments are to be spread over forty-two years, reduces the present value—even mathematically—to a figure at which German Haute Finance can hardly cavil, whilst practically it is reduced . . . However, there it is; the French will be able to budget on it, and it only remains to get it in one form or another.

The Conference did not, apparently, go very deeply into the manner of its payment, but it does seem to have occurred to them that payment in goods—probably manufactured goods—might prove detrimental to the industries of other lands, so we are led inevitably to the second part of the arrangement—namely, the 12 per cent. tax on all exports from Germany.

Whether the primary object of this is to raise further money or to prevent the payment of the sums stipulated for in the first part of the agreement is not quite clear. Perhaps it is a compromise. Anyhow, we do not envy whichever of the Allied Missions is charged with the control of its collection. Smuggling will be looked upon as a patriotic duty, and will be backed with the whole force of public opinion, the support of the police, and the goodwill of the neutral buyer. Probably the system of certificates of origin will have to be revived again. Still, "*La critique est aisée, et l'art est difficile*," so we must hope for the best; and at any rate, as we mentioned before, the agreement removes a possible source of misunderstanding between France and England. *Gaudeamus igitur.*

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"When's the Budget?"

"Help! We haven't even heard a rumour yet that tobacco's going up."

"We've heard that it isn't coming down, anyway."

"That's what annoys me. You get falls in boots and flannels and socks and shirts; but what about Life's Necessities? They're as dear as ever."

"I want my Johnnie Walker down to three-and-six again, and Three Stars to six-and-six."

"As the Government collar eight-and-six duty on every bottle of whisky—"

"Thirty under proof."

"Equal, therefore, to about fifteen shillings a bottle of pre-war whisky—"

"I want to see Matinées down to half-a-crown for fifty."

"Or even a hundred. And a smokable cigar for fivepence, and a Benedictine for sixpence."

"And a bowler-hat for three-and-nine."

"Done!" cried his friend, unconscious of any play upon the word.

"Have mine!" and he held it out.

"Napoo," was the sad reply. "I couldn't go even into the Stock Exchange with that specimen, although we wear pretty well any old thing these times."

"Other times, other hats. Anything doing?"

"As idle as a painted ship—"

"Upon an oily ocean," finished another. "What's up with Oils?"

"Nothing. Because why? Because they're mostly down. The public are a little tired, and the professionals are not disposed to keep the ball rolling."

"Is there any liquidation?" asked Our Stroller, butting in.

"Nothing worth calling liquidation," he was told. "Only the market has grown so narrow that a few hundred Eagles and Shells will move the prices quite a lot."

"And, if you want to deal in anything outside the leaders, you find it hard to get on in more than a couple of hundred at the most."

Our Stroller sighed.

"Is it all investment nowadays?" he inquired with a note of despair.

"Yes, what there is of it. And yet you find—at least we brokers do—that clients aren't unwilling to have a dash if we can recommend anything promising."

"Easy enough to find things that are promising—" The speaker laid significant stress on the last word, and the others laughed as an Austin Twenty broke up the fathers' meeting.

Our Stroller turned into Shorter's Court, and became greatly interested in the telephone business going on in the various boxes. He could hear nothing, of course, but it was a new side of Stock Exchange activity, and—

"What are they all doing?" he asked one of the messenger boys.

The cultured lad silently went on with his apple and "Deadwood Dick."

"What are all those people doing?" persisted Our Stroller.

"Them girls and clurks are telephonin' to the country," the boy deigned to reply this time.

[Continued overleaf.]



Our Lingerie Section is making a special display of French Lingerie. Come and see!

DERRY & TOMS

"Quality & Service"

Kensington High Street, W.8

Individuality in Corsetry

The beautifully fitting Corset illustrated is the very acme of perfection and comfort. It has a front Lacing, and an

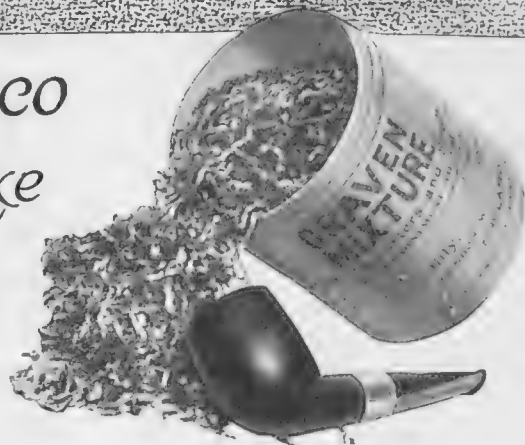
Elastic Belt

in front to keep the Corset in position, and also to give the correct and necessary abdominal support. It has a very low bust, and the long hips are fashioned with due regard to the prevailing silhouette. In a variety of pretty materials. As sketch in Pink or White Coutil. Sizes: 22 to 30. Price

29/6

The Tobacco de Luxe

For nearly sixty years the choice of cultivated and travelled Britons all over the world.



The distinguished author of "Peter Pan" says: "*It is a Tobacco to live for*"

SINCE it was first blended in 1867 for the third Earl of Craven—a great connoisseur in Tobacco—Craven Mixture has stood alone as the supreme ideal of perfection in smoking mixtures. It is the only blend that has stood the test of over three decades, and grown continuously in favour.

Get a tin of Craven To-day!


Sold by all Tobacconists—
2 ozs. ... 2s. 5d.
4 ozs. ... 4s. 10d.

CARRERAS, LTD., Arcadia Works, London, E.C.

PICCADILLY


VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

The Cigarette that stamps the Smoker as a Connoisseur.



HAND-MADE, of the very choicest growths of Virginia and East Carolina Tobaccos, a better Cigarette is beyond the art of Cigarette making. Delightful to the palate, harmless to the most delicate throat, Piccadilly Cigarettes are the first choice of West End Clubs and discriminating smokers.

TRY A PACKET TO - DAY !



25 for 1/11
50 for 3/10
Of all high-class tobacconists.

ALEX. BOGUSLAVSKY, Ltd.,
55, PICCADILLY, W.

Ess Viotto

for the Hands

A soft white hand is a wonderful asset to a lady's personality and you can possess this charm if you will try this suggestion. Just after washing, night and morning, sprinkle a few drops of "ESS VIOTTO" into your hands and rub them gently until it disappears.

Try this delightful preparation also in the following manner:
Squeeze a sponge out in warm water, sprinkle on a few drops of "Ess Viotto," and wipe all over the face, neck and arms. Dry gently with a soft towel.

Used in the above way, "Ess Viotto" does wonders for you.

Sold by all Chemists and Stores,
2s. 6d., 4s. 9d., 6s. 9d. per bottle.

Wholesale: H. BROXLEY & CO., LTD., LONDON, W.



CRAMER PIANOS

The Finest Instruments Obtainable.

For Cash, Hire System,
or Ordinary Hire.

ADVANTAGEOUS PRICES.

Tributes of great musicians to Cramer Pianos from
LEONARD BORWICK,
SIR FREDERICK BRIDGE,
CERNIKOFF, HERBERT FRYER,
PERCY GRAINGER, LEONCAVALLO,
MASCAGNI, CYRIL SCOTT,
COLERIDGE TAYLOR,
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139, New Bond St., W.1 ; 46, Moorgate St., E.C.2 ; 130, Kensington High St., W.8.

A Seasoning as necessary
as Salt on the Table or
in the Kitchen—



Lea & Perrins
The Original
Worcestershire.

CHILDREN'S CLOTHES

We have always in stock a wonderful variety of smart and dainty garments suitable for little boys and girls.

USEFUL SPRING FROCK (as sketch)
for little girl in fancy striped sponge cloth, in shades of cinnamon, blue or yellow, with collar and cuffs of yellow linen and large bows of broad yellow faille ribbon.

Sizes for 2 years	Price
" 3 "	49/6
" 4 "	52/6
" 5 "	55/9
" 6 "	57/6

FINE QUALITY CHILDREN'S SHOES.



Entirely hand-sewn, leather heels, finished steel buckles.
In Glacé Kid and Patent Leather
7 to 10 21/9
11 to 1 25/9
In White Suede
7 to 10 27/6
11 to 1 32/6

Debenham & Freebody
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(Cavendish Square) London, W. 1



Continued.]

"Oh, I see," said our friend, and, the young gentleman having returned to his literature, the conversation languished.

Two men came down the steps leading out of the House, and stopped to light their cigarettes.

"Extraordinary how hard it is to deal in Home Railways," remarked one member.

"They're saying the Companies may get an extension of their agreements with the Government," said the other. "The present arrangement runs out in August, doesn't it?"

"Yes. The railways were taken over directly war broke out in 'Fourteen, and they're supposed to be freed from leading-strings this autumn."

"In one way, I rather hope the Government will go on. If not, the Companies will find themselves free at the very time when there's any amount of trouble over wages, prices, fares, raising capital, and all that kind of thing."

"You don't sound hopeful."

"My dear boy, it's a serious matter to the thousands of people who have got to depend on their dividends from the Home Railway Companies. To sell at the present ruinous prices is like slaughtering the stock, and yet, what's the prospect?"

"One must hang on, of course. It's the only thing to do. Prices are all full of dividend, too."

"We must hope for the best. Nothing else to be done. But railway stocks are out of favour in every market. Look at Antofagasta. And Canadas. And Mexicans."

"They'll come right some day," observed a philosopher who had sauntered down the steps. "Nobody is selling, unless they're obliged to."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"A lot, because directly things take a real turn for the better in the affairs of the world, there will be no stock in the markets, and you won't be able to see the rise for dust."

"Not much chance of dust while this liquidation is about, eh?"

"The liquidation is very spasmodic. And you must remember that the worse our troubles become, the nearer we get to a solution of them."

"The darkest hour before the dawn sort of idea. But we don't know when the darkness has reached its darkest, do we?"

"What's the use of worrying over things you can't help? It does you no good, and makes your wife miserable." They left Shorter's Court arguing about the point as cheerfully as three spring chaffinches.

Our Stroller went into Throgmorton Street, and stopped outside a stationer's shop, seeing a knot of men foregathered.

"You look as bashful as a jury-woman," he overheard.

"I wasn't dancing till two o'clock this morning, anyway," was the retort. "And you look about as bright as a bag of brazils."

"If it's the Bonds you mean, Brazils will make their owners look distinctly bright by-and-by. It doesn't matter which you buy. They're all cheap."

"Would you change French into Brazils?"

"That's difficult to say. French are good to keep, and in six months' time—" The group was scattered by the motor-cycle and side-car so familiar in The Street.

"She looks awfully smart, doesn't she, in that uniform? And she knows how to drive, by Jove!"

"Well, I believe in Rubber for the long shot," Our Stroller's neighbour was saying. "A waiting job, but one of these days the shares will come round again."

"It's my opinion that you could truthfully write that very same thing over every market in the House. Have you ever noticed, by the way, that when once we get into the Stock Exchange we have no official permission to leave it?"

"What do you mean?"

"Look over the door there. It's the same above every entrance to the Stock Exchange."

Our Stroller looked up too. And he, too, smiled when the ambiguity dawned on him. For the legend runs—

"SUBSCRIBERS ONLY ADMITTED."

THINGS WE SHOULD LIKE TO LEARN.

When Mr. Chamberlain will get as sound a grasp of financial principles as Mr. McKenna.

* * * * *

The name of an Industrial investment with a sounder position and better prospects than the Ordinary shares of the Imperial Tobacco Company at 50s.

* * * * *

Whether the 950 million Budget will become a reality.

* * * * *

What the broker said to the Mincing Lane merchant who declared that business was good (not for publication).

* * * * *

Whether the Oil magnates are seriously concerned over the possibility of combined action to reduce prices by consuming countries through the economic section of the League of Nations. Friday, Feb. 4, 1921.

AMUSEMENTS.

ADELPHI. (Gerr. 2645.) "THE NAUGHTY PRINCESS."
W. H. BERRY. Lily St. John. Amy Augarde. GEORGE GROSSMITH.
Nightly, at 8. Mats. Wed. & Sat., at 2.

COURT THEATRE. Sloane Square Station. (Ger. 848)
J. B. FAGAN'S Production of
"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM."
NIGHTLY, at 8. MATINEES WED. and SAT., at 2. (LAST PERFORMANCES.)

LYRIC. (Ger. 3687.) "A LITTLE DUTCH GIRL."
A Musical Play.
EVERY EVENING, at 8. MATINEES WED. & SAT., at 2.30.

NEW. MATHESON LANG in his GREAT SUCCESS,
"THE WANDERING JEW."
E. Temple Thurston's Wonderful Play
EVERY EVENING, at 8.15. MATINEES WEDNESDAY & SATURDAY, 2.30. (Reg. 4466.)

SAVOY. (Ger. 3366.) "PADDY THE NEXT BEST THING."
Every Evening, at 8. Matinees Every Monday and Saturday, at 2.15.

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ARTHUR BOURCHIER. KYRLE BELLEW.
Every Evening, at 8. Matinees Thursday and Saturday, at 2.30.

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NIGHTLY, at 8.15. MATINEES WED. & SAT., at 2.30.
LYN HARDING. ALEXANDRA CARLISLE. C. AUBREY SMITH.

ALHAMBRA. "JOHNNY JONES"
GEORGE ROBEY.
Evenings, 8.15.
Matinees Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

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A List of Members of the Stock Exchange who are Stock and Share Brokers may be seen at the Bartholomew Lane entrance to the Bank of England, or obtained on application to EDWARD SATERTHWAITHE, Secretary to the Committee of the Stock Exchange, Committee Room, The Stock Exchange, London, E.C.2.



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Ladies—A few days' treatment with CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS will do more to clean up the skin than all the beauty treatments in creation. An imperfect complexion is caused by a sluggish liver.



Millions of people, old, young and middle age, take them for Biliousness, Dizziness, Sick Headache, Upset Stomach and for Sallow, Pimply and Blotchy Skin. They end the misery of Constipation.

Small Pill—Small Dose—Small Price



Look at the Germs which give you Sore Throat and let **FORMAMINT** protect you against them

IF you could look at your own throat through a microscope, and see the malignant germ life teeming there, the sight would at once convince you of the vital necessity of throat cleanliness.

You take a great deal of trouble to keep the outer tissues of the body clean and wholesome; yet dirt on your skin is far less harmful to your health than germs inside your mouth and throat!

These germs are the sole cause of most infectious diseases, ranging from common Colds and Sore Throats to dangerous ailments like Influenza, Diphtheria, Scarlet Fever, etc.

It is true that we frequently inhale the germs of such diseases without suffering any harm. But, sooner or later, there comes a time when the natural defensive forces of the body are weakened, and then a mere Sore Throat may develop into a serious germ-disease.

Writing on this subject in his book, "Influenza," Dr. Hopkirk says: "In Formamint Tablets we possess the best means of preventing (and curing) infective processes in the mouth and throat, which, if neglected, may lead to serious complications."

These pleasant-tasting little tablets are dissolved in the mouth like sweets, and set free in the saliva a powerful antiseptic which thoroughly disinfects the whole mouth and throat, destroying every harm-

ful germ which may be lurking there. So if you suck a few Formamint Tablets every morning and evening, after cleaning your teeth, you will run no risk of catching other people's diseases even when you are in actual contact with an infectious case.

Get Genuine Formamint To-day.

Formamint has a most refreshing tonic action on the whole mouth cavity, keeps the gums firm and healthy, helps to preserve the teeth, benefits the voice, and removes any taint from the breath, especially after the use of tobacco or alcohol.

Buy a bottle of Formamint at your Chemist's—price 2/9 per bottle of 50 tablets—but be sure you get the genuine original product, bearing the red-and-gold seal of Genatosan, Ltd.

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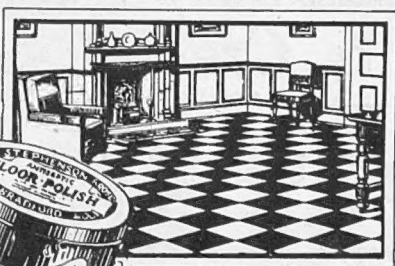
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"Last the time of three"

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Small Children's	2/- per set
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Stephenson's Floor Polish



Purifies as it Beautifies

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Of all Confectioners

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Sporting Life

January 27, 1921.

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The Sportsman

February 23, 1920.

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